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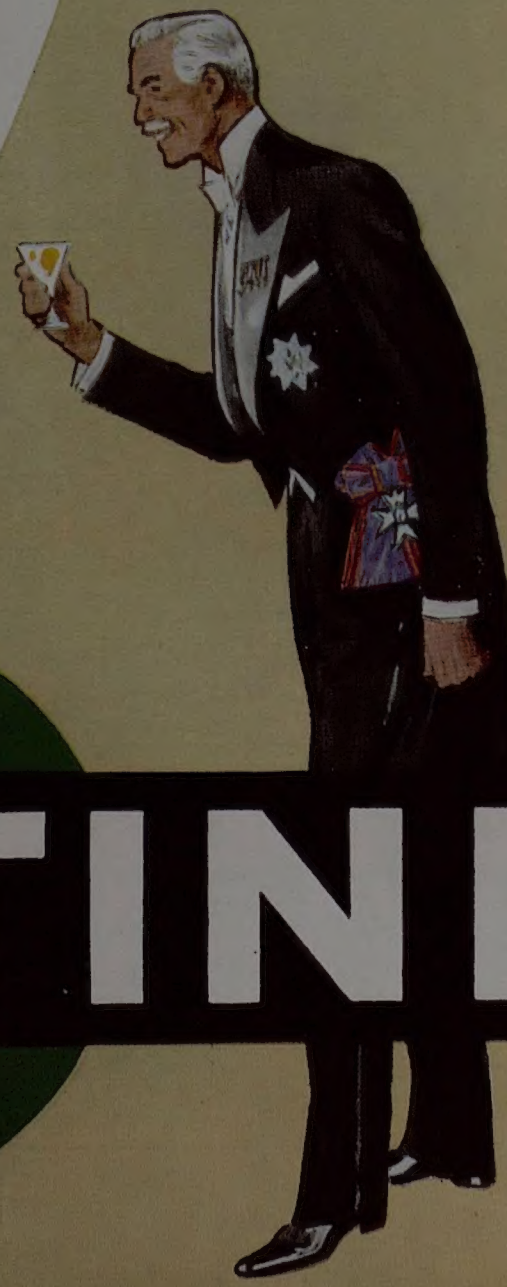

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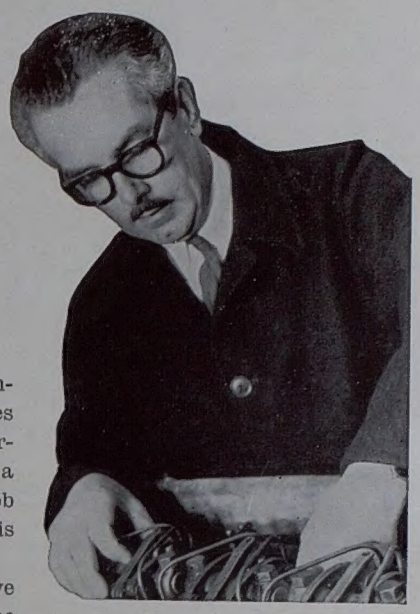

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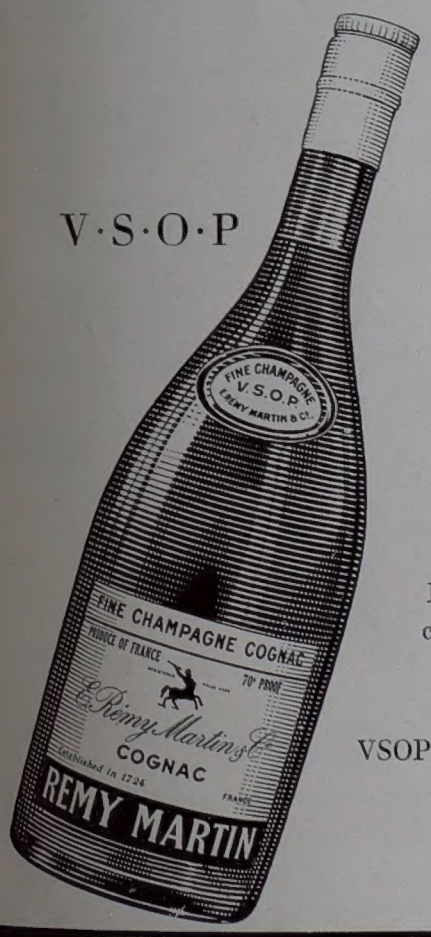

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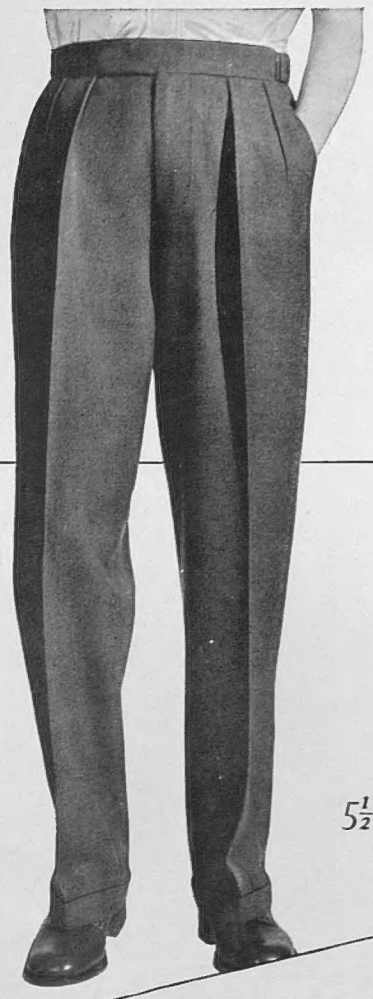

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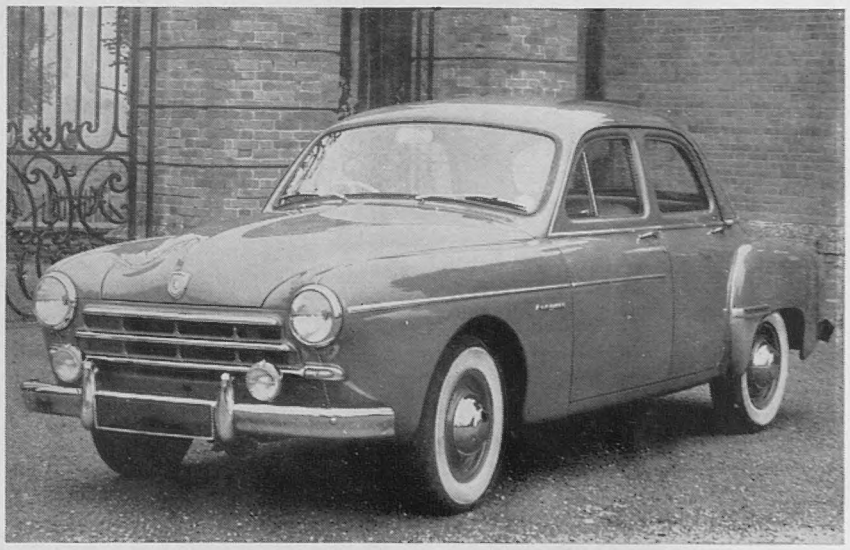

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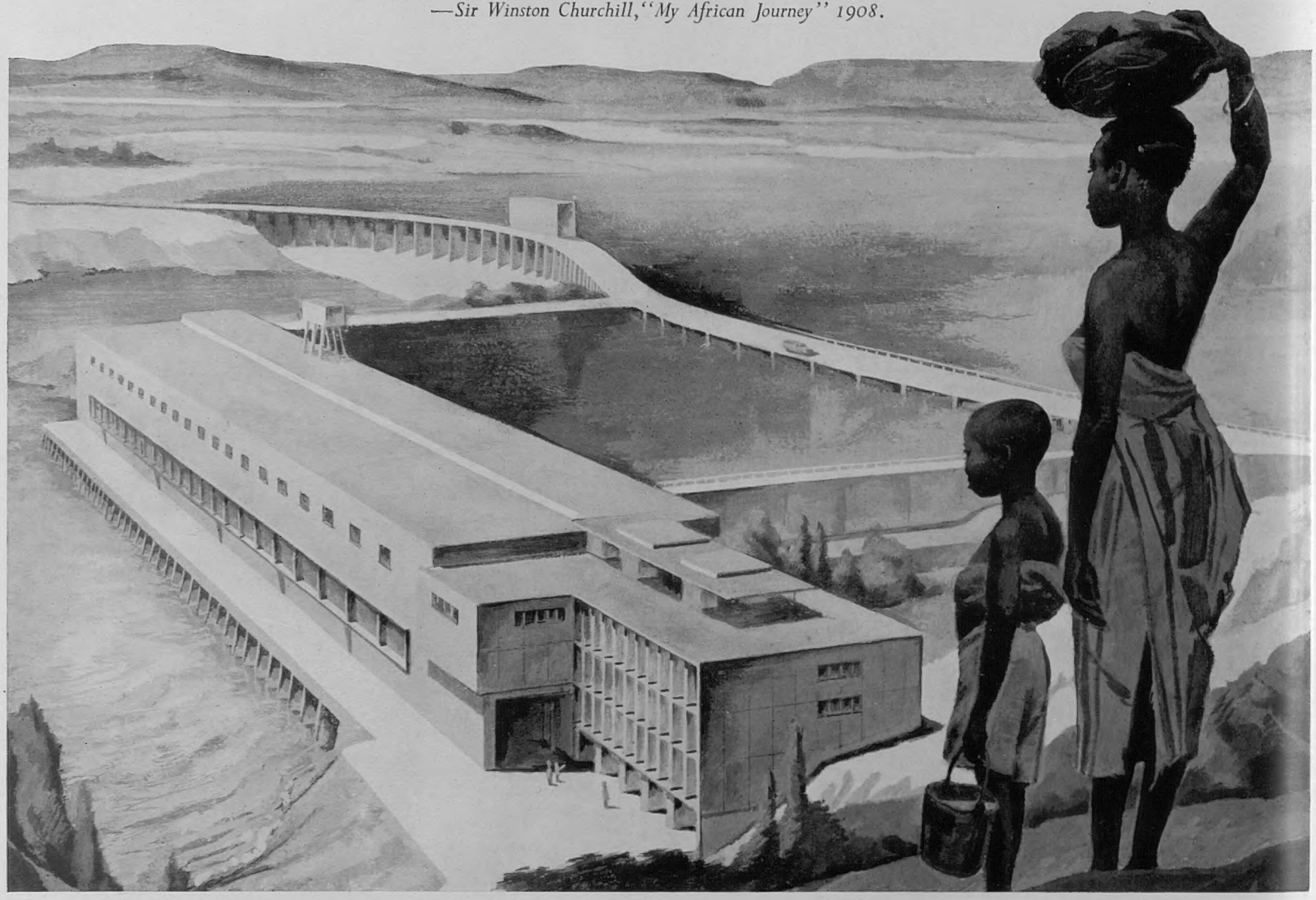

In 1908 Sir Winston Churchill dreamed of harnessing the headwaters of the Nile to generate electricity. In 1954 Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II inaugurates the Owen Falls hydro-electric scheme and brings to life a majestic project that will provide electricity for the future development of Uganda and parts of Kenya. Started in 1948 by the Uganda Electricity Board, the Owen Falls plan includes a main dam 2,725 feet long and 85 feet high; also a powerhouse to be equipped with ten 15,000 k.w generating units — Boving "Kaplan" hydro-turbines and British Thomson-Houston Ltd. "umbrella" type alternators.

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Volume CCXVII No. 2830 The SPHERE, London, May 8, 1954

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN IN MALTA—HER MAJESTY LANDS AT THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND AND RECEIVES A TUMULTUOUS WELCOME : She is seen in company with the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, shortly after stepping ashore at the spot where her father, George VI, landed during the war ; walking with the Duke of Edinburgh is Lady Creasy. As the Royal party went ashore church bells pealed out all over the island. Prince Charles and Princess Anne watched the ceremony from the *Britannia*.

Following a rendezvous with the British Mediterranean Fleet outside Tobruk, the Royal yacht *Britannia* steamed on to Malta and arrived at the George Cross Island early last Monday. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who two days earlier had been reunited with their children, waved from the *Britannia* as she entered Grand Harbour and shortly after ten o'clock landed at the ancient Customs House Quay, to be received by the Governor. Then followed a drive through crowded streets to the Governor's Palace, where the Prime Minister, Dr. Borg Olivier, delivered an address of welcome, saying that Malta had waited eagerly for "this grand day." Later, in the presence of the island's dignitaries and many high-ranking officers of the Royal Air Force, the Queen unveiled the memorial to 2,300 Commonwealth airmen who gave their lives in Malta's defence and who have no known grave. It was an impressive ceremony, and then, following the two minutes silence and the laying of wreaths, the Queen talked to many of the relatives of the fallen who had journeyed to Malta for the occasion. (Further pictures of the Royal Tour will be found elsewhere in this issue.)

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AN AUSTRALIAN ZOOLOGICAL GIFT

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER TAKES PART IN A CEREMONY AT REGENT'S PARK : Flanked by officials holding gift animals, Sir Thomas White speaks to the assembly during his inspection of the recently arrived collection of more than 100 Australian animals. The two animals seen in the picture are a Tasmanian wombat (left) and an Echidna. The collection has been presented to the London Zoo to commemorate the Coronation and the Royal Tour.

COMMEMORATING THE CORONATION

A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IS PREPARED FOR THE CHAPEL OF ST. HELIER HOSPITAL, CARSHALTON, SURREY : The chief designer (Mr. E. Liddal Armitage) at the Whitefriars Studio at Wealdstone, and the head glass-cutter (Mr. Arthur Howe) seen at work on the lower scene of the window depicting the actual crowning ceremony ; other scenes show the Recognition and Anointing. Placed in front of the two men is the design for the window, which will measure 16 ft. by 4 ft. Figures shown in the window include the Archbishop of Canterbury ; the Bishops of Durham, and Bath and Wells ; the Lord Chancellor ; the Coronation year Lord Mayor of London ; and the Ladies-in-Waiting. Funds for the erection of the window have come from the Nurses' League and from the hospital staff.

THE CHIEF GLASS-PAINTER PREPARES THE FOCAL POINT OF THE WINDOW : Mr. Fred White is seen at work on his glass painting of the Queen. Work in connection with the window has been proceeding for many months.

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Orders for subscriptions to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 *; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s., £2* 19*s. and* £2 15*s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.,* £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

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Politics and Pollution.—Must politics bedevil even the smallest conveniences of humanity ? Forty-one nations, owning 95 per cent. of the world's shipping, met in London to concert means to curb or end an intolerable and quite unnecessary desecration of the sea and the seashore from the discharge of filthy oil close inshore. There was no reason on earth why this vast percentage of the world's shipowners should not unanimously and swiftly agree on measures and regulations, with heavy sanctions against "aggressors." There are no politics involved. It is a matter of discipline, decency and common sense affecting all nations with sea-boards and the pleasure of all the world's holiday-makers and the lives and well-being of various varieties of sea birds. But no. The Russian delegate must postpone the conference, while forty-one nations reverted to politics to settle his demand that China should come into the conference. I confess I could not see why China should have been left out, even if she owns only 5 per cent., or less, of the world's shipping, since pollution and not politics is involved. But was this a time for the Soviet to pollute a question of pollution with politics ? Perhaps the question of China settled, this conference will succeed in its aims. There is a point in its favour. It has begun badly. On the same day, Geneva began too well to be credible. Mr. Eden's courage and optimism in announcing its splendid and hopeful opening (with his experience of past major conferences as hopefully begun) astonished me. At the time of writing, I am inclined to pin more faith in results from the pollution conference, which began badly, than from the Geneva, which opened in hope and coo-ings. For in the present state of international politics, filthy oil is by comparison a sweet-smelling savour. But needs must when the devil drives, and perhaps good may yet come from both efforts.

The School for Murder.—*Credo quia impossibile.* The wildest flights of Edgar Wallace are chicken feed to the Communists of Russia, and Agatha Christie's sparkling cyanide is flat-beer when the Russians produce their brew. I suppose Russia has a heavy waiting-list at all her murder schools and needs no advertisement to point out their educational efficiency. Otherwise, in their latest gadget, the cigarette-case cyanide pistol, they have an asset in a million. There can be no young criminal, nor hardened killer, to-day who would not give his eyes and pay packets for one of those little toys, and it will be strange, indeed, if we do not hear more of them in the police reports in the next few years. The amateur craftsmen must be at work already with blue prints, even in respectable prep. schools. I myself am old and outwardly respectable and peace-loving, and I can think of no living person within my reach whose death I ardently desire, but to have a little gadget like that, if charged only with mild ammonia or red pepper, would give me a sense of security and preparedness which would make my lawful occasions in this lawless world free from all hazards — from fierce dogs, bulls and casual car-lift thumbers. We may confidently wait to hear of the first native efforts to copy this ingenious little weapon—and we must pray that it will bungle.

The Eve of Geneva.—The Geneva Conference began under lowering skies. All the delegates V.I.P.s expressed their firm determination to do their damnedest for peace, settlement and understanding, but the expression of these admirable sentiments must have required a mighty lot of faith, hope, hypocrisy and play-acting. For the circumstances of the hour could hardly have been less hopeful and less favourable. It was a vital card in the Western hand that the French fortress of Dien Bien Phu should be still untaken, and on the eve of Geneva it appeared to be lost beyond hope. The Russian spy dramas had suddenly acerbated the embittered relations between Moscow and Washington, and the Western Powers had arrived at the scene of understanding with the determination to resist in unison any "promotion" of Communist China to a full part in the Councils of the Great Powers. Our students of politics must always clutch at straws. These reasonable to speculate how thenceforward it will be possible for the Foreign Ministers of the West to carry on any longer a proven absurdity, to play out the monstrous farce of approaching the Russian Ministers and delegates with the smooth and polite conventions and civilities and assumptions of mutual integrity which for centuries have adorned the international diplomatic relations. It would be on a par with appointing Charles Peace Keeper of the Crown Jewels or appointing William Palmer principal chef for State banquets. The time may soon come when either Russia will break off diplomatic relations with all Western nations, or *vice versa.*

THE PRIMATE PRESIDES AT A LONDON MEETING

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY MAKES NOTES DURING THE TWENTY-FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH COUNCIL OF CHURCHES AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER : At the conference the members received reports from various sub-committees dealing with a wide range of ecclesiastical affairs, and called upon all Christian people to pray for the Conference in Geneva, so that "it may relieve the present tensions . . . and so open the way to the coming of peace for all nations."

Scratch a Russian. . . .—To what extent can we charge the chief officers of the Kremlin and Russia's Ambassadors with complicity in these incredible acts of gangsterdom ? If we calmly respect the fine principles of British justice, we should avoid comment or even speculation while these matters are *sub judice* and awaiting legal proofs, both in Australia and Berlin. We read, on the very day of the Berlin disclosure, of Mr. Malik, Ambassador to our Court, laying his wreath at Stratford in tribute to Shakespeare and making the conventional remarks which foreign guests make at the birthday celebration. We have memories of Molotov clinking glasses and exchanging jests with his Western colleagues at U.N. meetings, and of other Russian V.I.P.s wearing the conventional dress of diplomacy and civilisation even when they sabotage discussion and agreements, and we find it hard, even after years of experience, to associate these men with complicity in murder and connivance in the use of diplomatic privilege as a means of spying. And yet we realise that schools for murder and universities for spy graduates cannot exist in any country without the knowledge, if not the encouragement, of some department of State. "Cabinet" responsibility is one and indivisible, and a premier is expected in any organised and civilised State to know the practices of his Ministerial departments. We shall be right and wise to await proofs. If they are forthcoming and implicate the Kremlin and the Ambassadors, it is conferences on subjects of world importance must unfold as dramas. They must not be killed stone dead. Hopes and fears must balance. The new hope was advanced that in what quite certainly will be a battle of "face," the battle may not be merely between two sides ; it might be a battle within a battle, wherein the slightly more unified face of the Western Powers might gain advantages from the split face of the Communist Powers. It was said that Russia, which has so strongly backed the claims of China to promotion, is in deadly rivalry with China for the domination of the world. The Chinese are certainly older and wiser than Russians in the arts of diplomacy. Perhaps they are a match for the Russians round a table. It remains to see if the West is a match for the Russian mailed fist and the Chinese velvet glove.

"Vox et Præterea Nihil."—I am sure the Select Committee on Estimates takes infinite pains with its researches and recommendations for economy, and that it has the brains and experience for the job of disclosing waste and anomalies and recommending reforms. How often in my ignorant way I read their reports and say : "How scandalous ! How right the suggested reform ! " What percentage of their proposed reforms over the years has been implemented ? I should like to see statistics on that point, for I have a notion that their proposals resemble the proposals of scores of Royal Commissions and

ad hoc commissions. They are applauded as sound—and are shelved *sine die*. Still, this Committee drives on and issues its admirably logical reports in trembling hope of official action. Its latest inquisition was into the Road Fund. It is a first-rate money-spinner. It is quite an old form of taxation allocated for a very special purpose—to utilise the revenue derived from the taxation of motor-cars for the improvement and upkeep of the roads of Britain. It was not until 1926 that impious minds (our Premier's among them, I believe) thought to raid this self-supporting hen-roost. It proved a winner, for cars and their licences multiplied and huge taxation on motor spirit has gradually swelled the fund to astronomical figures. The motor-cars multiplied, the receipts multiplied and the roads of Britain seem little better than in 1926. The Road Fund has been a living lie for thirty years. The roost has been raided every year and the eggs intended for making roads safer and transport easier have gone to build schools and turn out atom bombs, and so on. So why not abolish the title and with it one living lie and example of Governmental hypocrisy, and, indeed, bad faith. Abolishing the title will not mean abolishing the revenue from this source of taxation. We shall still pay under this taxation sub-heading for years to come an outrageous tribute, but we need no longer delude ourselves with the belief that we are paying for our safety and convenience on the roads.

Softening Up the National.—Reformers are strange, illogical people. That is why they are so often called cranks, and among them the "blood sport" fraternity most often earn the name. Generations of time go by during which a sporting institution is accepted as a national pride, and then suddenly one year some accident receives special publicity and there is an outcry from the sentimentalists. The thing is sheer murder, barbarous cruelty, unworthy of a civilised nation. So with the Grand National. A dozen reasons are adduced why the Aintree course is a relic of barbarism. The course is too long, the obstacles too stiff, the field too large, the horses unfit. The trouble is, the reasons seldom square with past statistics. For example, in a record field of over fifty runners, there were no fatalities. In the two "smallest ever" fields there were seven. In my local point-to-point this year there were two casualties. The going was good, despite recent drought, the fields averaged no more than five and the fences looked like an obstacle race for octogenarians at the village sports. Of all the now hotly canvassed reforms for Aintree, one only seems reasonable and desirable—that all entries should pass an expert test for quality and fitness for what is intended to be a supreme test of merit in steeplechasing. Any other reforms would merely make a nonsense of a great race and test of courage and endurance; and it would logically follow that Hillary must confine himself henceforth to conquering the Malvern Hills, and the Scotts and Shackletons of the future plan their forced marches along the Brighton Road in winter from the Metropolis to the Metropole. Our modern civilisation is as barbarous, bloody and cruel as in the Dark Ages. There are plenty of reforms desirable, but reformers waste their time straining at gnats.

"Ars Longa."—The fashion in art has in recent years tended towards smaller pictures, the walls of living-rooms having contracted as the palaces of London and the stately homes have one by one gone out of commission as family residences. No doubt there are still some public galleries with the wall-space capable of accommodating paintings as long as five men lying head to foot, and it seems that the Science Museum is one of them. Its Board commissioned Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A., to depict the development of Astronomy through the Ages, and he has done the job very thoroughly on a canvas space of 26 by 12 ft. As an R.A., he had the right to show it at this year's Academy with his other new works, but he generously waived his right when the R.A. pointed out that its exhibition at Burlington House would bring disappointment to perhaps a dozen aspirants whose genius can be compressed into 2 by 2 ft. I should have supposed that the subject of this immense picture would have been more fitly and economically treated as a mural, with the price of framing what it is to-day. But Mr. Thomson and the Science Museum know their own business, and a layman can at least congratulate the artist on his courage and breadth of mind and go to the Science Museum to view his picture. And the buying public will have a larger choice at the R.A. of modern works suitable for decorating their flats. With the building programme still held up by Treasury ukase, and loan exhibits from other museums still taking up much needed space, Dr. Sherwood Taylor is hard put to it to find space for the proper display of his exhibits, but presumably his problem is lack of ground-space rather than of money. He is raising Mr. Thomson's big canvas on a screen.

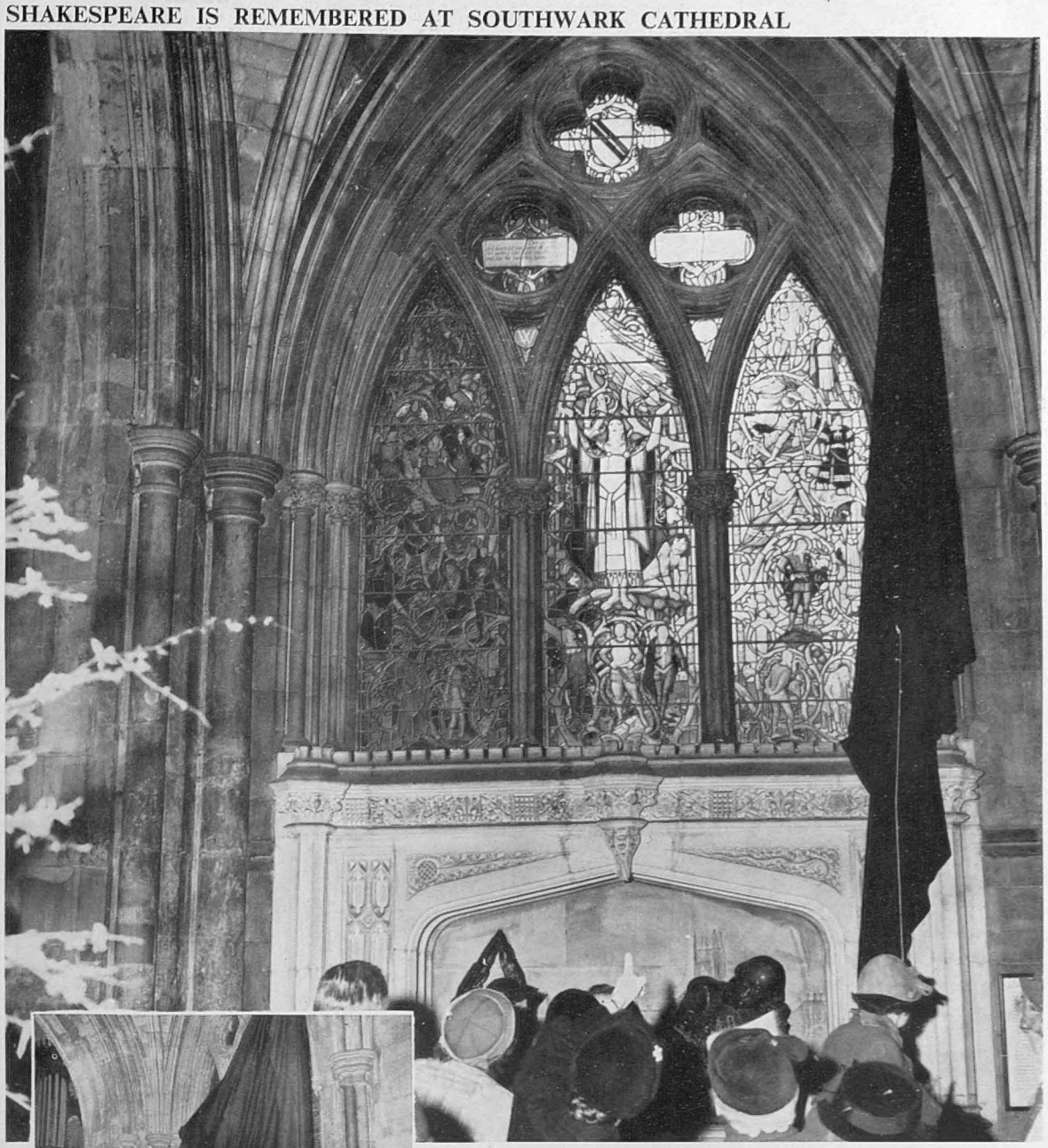
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

KEEPING ALIVE THE RURAL INDUSTRIES

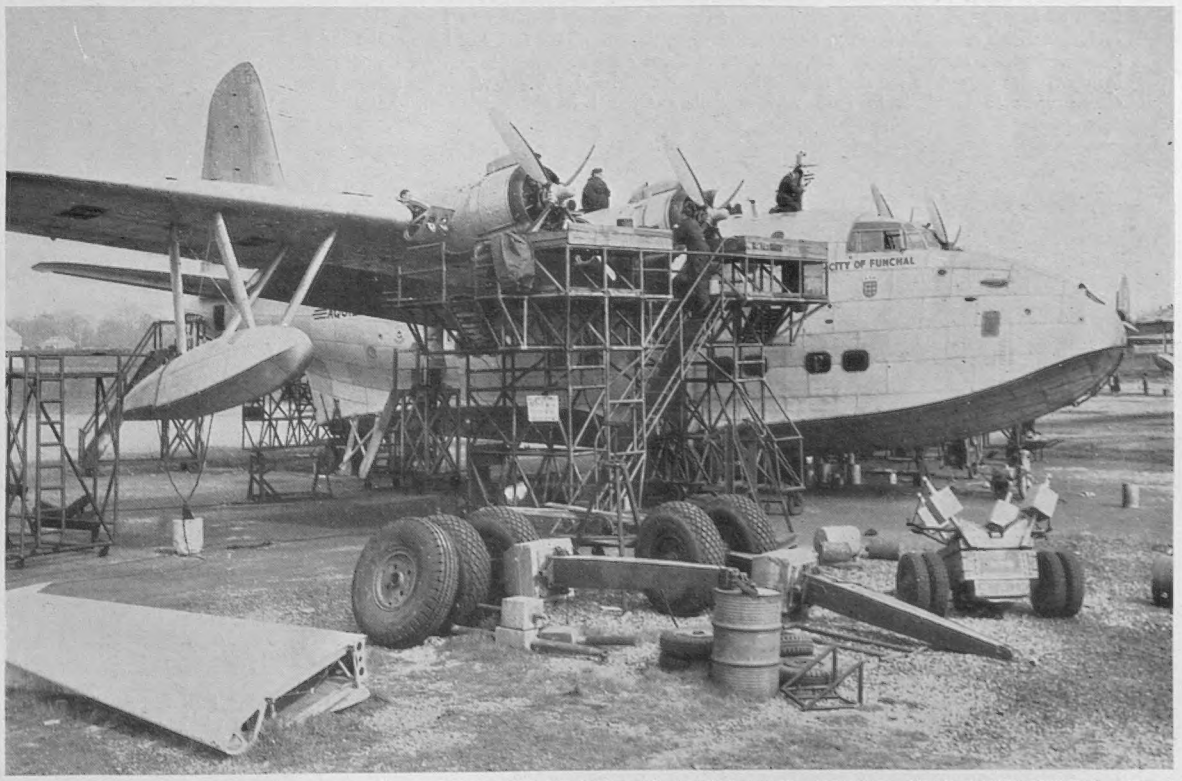
An Account of the Work of the Rural Industries Bureau—by Victor Bonham-Carter; Illustrated with Photographs of the Ancient Crafts and the Traditional and Modern Methods used

SHAKESPEARE IS REMEMBERED AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL



A NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOW REPLACES THE ONE DESTROYED DURING THE WAR: Situated above the reclining statue of the poet in the south aisle of the nave of the cathedral, the window was unveiled on Shakespeare's birthday by Dame Sybil Thorndike (the action of which is seen on left) and dedicated by the Bishop of Southwark. The ceremony formed part of the annual Shakespeare Thanksgiving Service. The window, made up of over 400 pieces of glass, depicts several Shakespearean characters, including Falstaff and Prince Hamlet; the central motif is Prospero, with Caliban crouching at his feet and Ariel soaring above. At the top is a reproduction of the poet's coat-of-arms. Also present at the dedication service were Miss Irene Worth, Mr. John Neville, Sir Lewis Casson and Mr. George Isaacs, several of whom read extracts from Shakespeare's works.

FROM WAR PLANE TO LUXURY AIRLINER



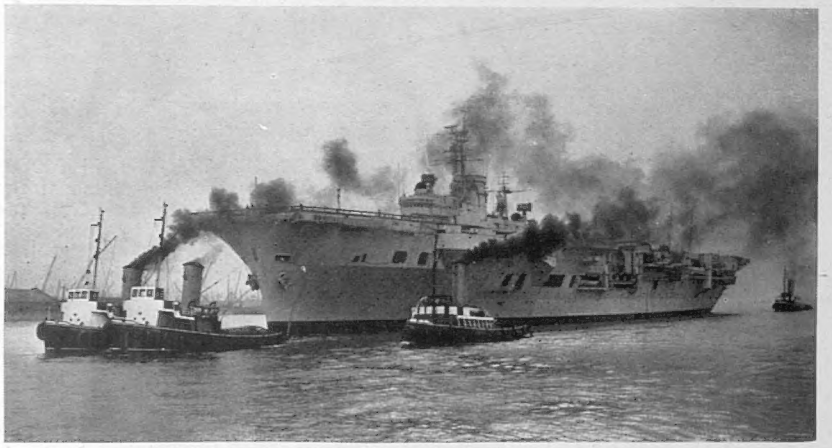
THE CONVERSION OF AN R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND FLYING-BOAT AT AQUILA BASE, HAMBLE, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON: Final touches are seen being made to the flying-boat which has been renamed *City of Funchal*, and which will operate as an airliner between Southampton and Madeira. Bomb doors and other parts reminiscent of war days have been removed to make way for the accommodation of the forty-two passengers; there will be a crew of eight.

A NEWS MISCELLANY

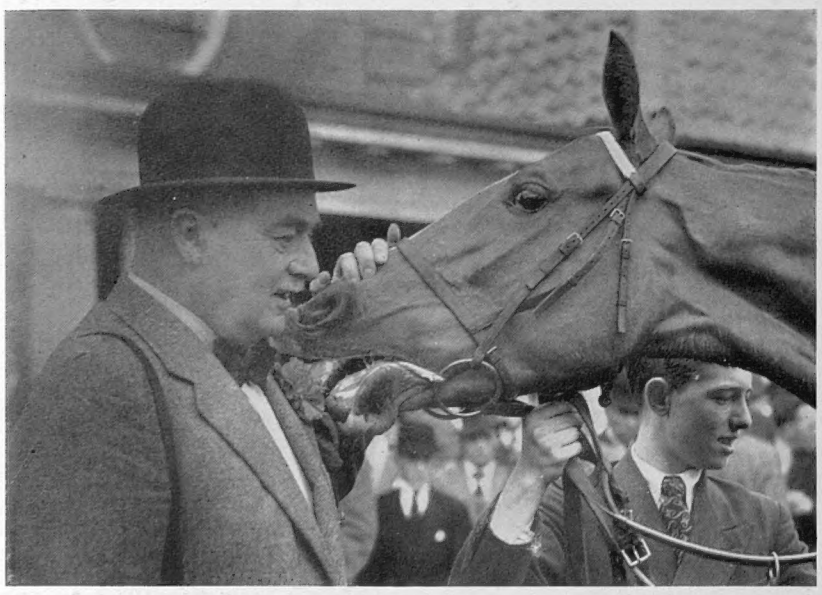
A Round-up of the Events—Sporting, Political and Romantic—of Last Week at Home and Abroad

MAY DAY IN LONDON : London's Communist Party used May Day, the traditional Socialist Labour day, as a pretext for a demonstration against intervention in Indo-China and against the hydrogen bomb. They formed up at Temple Station and are seen marching along the Victoria Embankment on their way to Hyde Park to listen to a speech by their General Secretary, Harry Pollitt.

MAY DAY IN BERLIN : There were two rival May Day rallies in Berlin. At the West Berlin gathering Lord Mayor Walther Schreiber is seen by the microphones addressing a large crowd at the site of the old Reichstag building in the British Zone of the city. In the background can be seen the Soviet War Memorial. He had to compete with an East Berlin rally, where the East German President, Wilhelm Pieck, took the salute at a march-past.



BRITAIN'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AT THE START OF A SHORT BUT EVENTFUL JOURNEY : The *Ark Royal* on her four-mile trip down the Mersey, from the fitting-out basin at Cammell Laird's, in Birkenhead, to the Gladstone Graving Dock at Liverpool. During this trip, the aircraft-carrier was involved in four minor accidents which crushed a forward ventilator cowling, sheared off a number of bilge outlet flanges, snapped off a 1-in. hawser and scraped paint off in several places. All three incidents were caused by the ship striking the quayside. The *Ark Royal*, which has taken eleven years to build, is to have new propellers fitted before her trials in June.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH : Mr. J. A. Dewar, who seems to be the recipient of a "hot tip," is seen patting his filly Festoon after it had won the 1,000 Guineas race at Newmarket last week. The horse appears to be taking a gastronomic interest in Mr. Dewar's buttonhole. Festoon was ridden by A. Breasley, and trained by N. Cannon. This was Mr. Dewar's fifth win in a classic race : the only one that he has not won is the St. Leger.

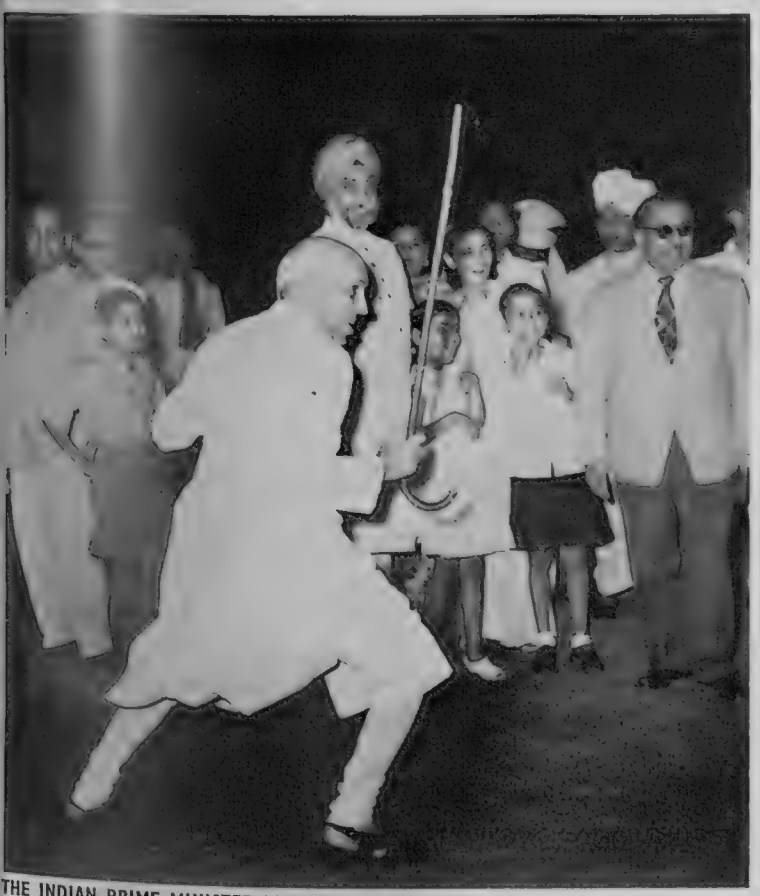
A BOUQUET FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : At a Primrose Day rally at the Albert Hall, the Prime Minister, wearing primroses in his button-hole, was presented with a bouquet by a little girl. In his speech, Sir Winston's main point was a call for a deeper understanding with the Russians. He said : "We should establish with Russia links which, in spite of all distractions and perils and contradictions, will convince the Russian people and the Soviet Government that we wish them peace, happiness and ever-increasing and ever-expanding prosperity and enrichment of life in their mighty land, and that we long to see them play a proud and splendid part in the guidance of the human race."

WEST BROMWICH ALBION SCORE A PENALTY GOAL : In the F.A. Cup Final at Wembley, the Albion were awarded a penalty against Preston North End during the second half. Allen, the West Bromwich centre-forward, scored from the spot to level the score at two goals all ; Thompson, the Preston goalkeeper, got a hand to the ball, but failed to stop it going into the net. West Bromwich went on to win 3—2, the decisive goal being scored just before full-time by Griffin, the Albion outside-right. By winning the Cup, West Bromwich Albion capped a most successful season, during which they nearly brought off the coveted Championship and Cup double, a feat which has yet to be achieved in the twentieth century. A number of injuries to several of their first team players brought a falling-off in form which cost them the League Championship—that title going to their near neighbours Wolverhampton Wanderers. They recovered some of it, however, in the nick of time ; they produced just enough good football to beat Preston deservedly in what was a rather colourless Final.

THE QUEEN MOTHER HANDS THE F.A. CUP TO THE WEST BROMWICH CAPTAIN : Len Millard, the Albion's captain and left back, takes over the coveted trophy, decorated with the colours of his club. West Bromwich Albion last won the F.A. Cup in 1931.

A B.B.C. ANNOUNCER IS MARRIED AT THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON : Crowns are held above the heads of Mr. Bruce Wyndham, of the B.B.C.'s overseas announcing staff, and his bride, Miss Gania Ward, during part of the ceremony last week-end. The bride's mother is a Russian by birth, and Miss Ward, who also works for the B.B.C. as a secretary, is a member of the Russian Orthodox Church.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR VIET-NAM : M. Joseph Laniel, the French Prime Minister, and the Viet-Nam Vice-Premier, Nguyen Trung Vinh, signing a joint declaration at the Hotel Matignon, in Paris, while the Viet-Nam Foreign Minister, Nguyen Quoc Dinh, looks on, extreme left. The declaration states that France and Viet-Nam are agreed on the two treaties which are awaiting signature. One treaty recognises the sovereignty and independence of Viet-Nam, while the other provides for a form of association between the two countries. The declaration which was signed has therefore no legal status, and merely constitutes a statement of intentions. The signing of the treaties and their ratification by the French and Viet-Nam Parliaments depend on a satisfactory settlement of economic and military details, as well as the outcome of the Geneva Conference.



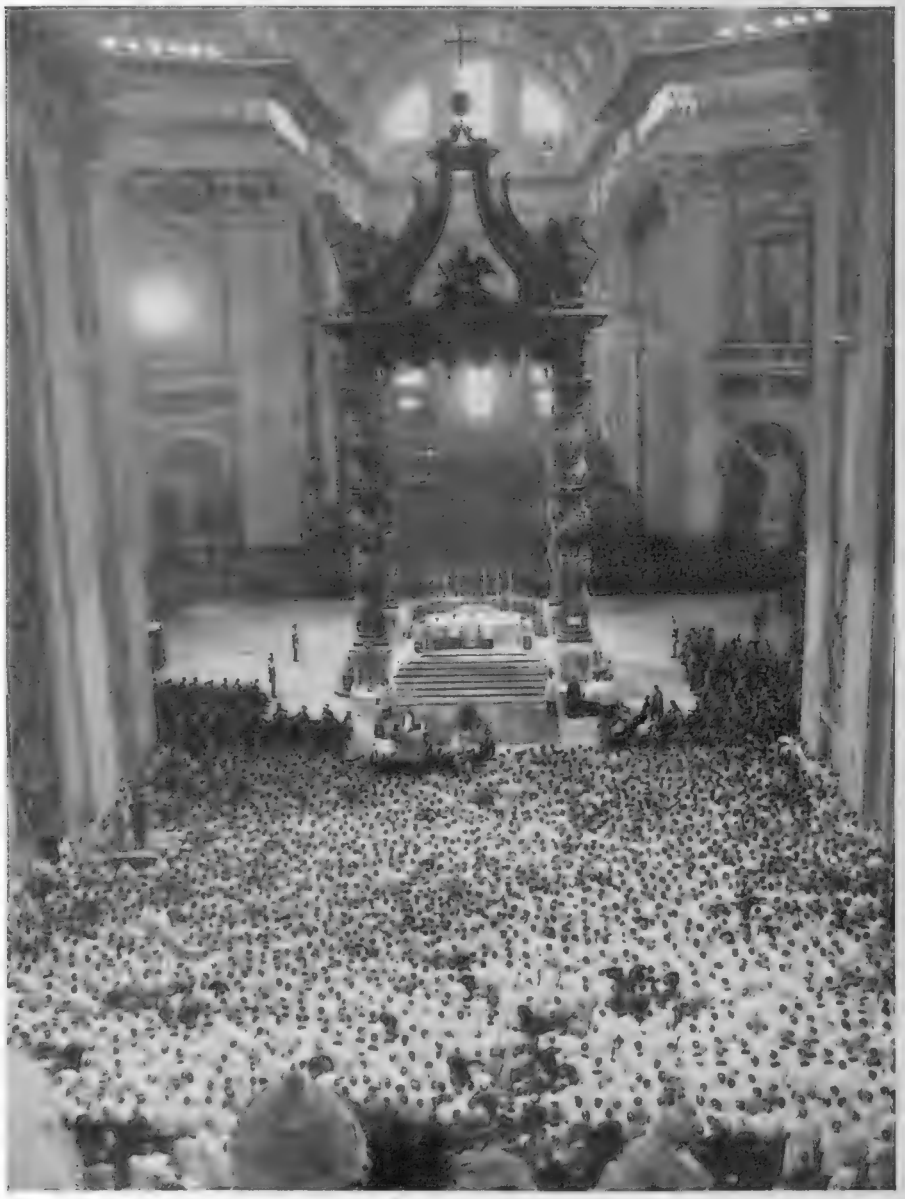
THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER ENTERTAINS HIS GUESTS : Jawaharlal Nehru is seen demonstrating the ancient Indian art of Kalaripayattu, a game played with a stick. The onlookers appear to be both surprised and delighted at their Prime Minister's agility and dexterity. The occasion was a demonstration of this game, which was given by a team from Kerala, in South India.

PAKISTAN TEST CRICKETERS ARRIVE AT SOUTHAMPTON : The Pakistan captain, A. H. Kardar, a former Warwickshire and Oxford University player, and Mr. H. S. Altham, chairman of the Test Match selectors and President of the Hampshire County Cricket Club, who was at Southampton to greet the team, are seen shaking hands in the centre of this picture. This is the first cricket team from Pakistan ever to visit Great Britain.

NEWS FROM EUROPE, AMERICA AND AFRICA

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events

A STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND: Queen Ingrid of Denmark, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Queen Juliana and King Frederik on the balcony of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam. *On left*—The Royal procession down the Damrak from the Central Station in Amsterdam to the Royal Palace shortly after the arrival of the King and Queen of Denmark for their State visit to the Netherlands. They were returning a similar visit to Denmark by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard last year. The visit lasted three days, and included engagements in Rotterdam, where the Royal party went on board the light aircraft-carrier *Karel Boorman*, and travelled round the docks in the Royal yacht; and at The Hague, where there was a special concert. Accompanying the King and Queen of Denmark during their visit was the Danish Foreign Minister, Mr. Hansen.



A SPECIAL MASS FOR CHOIRBOYS: 4,000 choirboys from all over the world inside the Basilica of St. Peter's during a special service in Rome for them. Cardinal Eugenio Tisserant, Dean of the Holy College of Cardinals, is celebrating Mass at the Papal Altar. Afterwards the choirboys—the "Little Singers of the Wooden Cross"—gathered outside St. Peter's Square, where they were blessed by the Pope.

TRAGEDY IN THE AUSTRIAN MOUNTAINS—THE END OF A SEARCH: A rescue party bringing the bodies of some of the German schoolboys found dead, with their teachers, after a nine days search in the Dachstein Mountains, near Salzburg. Altogether three teachers and their ten pupils lost their lives in the great snow blizzards that swept Central Europe during the week before Easter.

On left—

THE VICTIMS OF A FREAK STORM ARE BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS: The bodies are brought into the village of Schönberg Alm as members of the rescue teams stand by in silence. When the party of teachers and schoolboys was first known to be missing in the blizzard, rescue parties found it impossible to reach them. Helicopters also helped in the search, but it was over a week before the first bodies were discovered. A camera found near one of the victims recorded several stages of the ordeal of the climbers, who all died from exposure after considerable suffering.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY *v.* JOSEPH McCARTHY—THE INCREDIBLE "INVESTIGATION" IN WASHINGTON: *On left*—Senator Joseph McCarthy holding both hands over the microphones as his aide, Mr. Roy Cohn, leans over for a private chat during the proceedings of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee. *In centre*—Mr. Robert Stevens, Secretary for the Army, finds something to laugh about during fierce questioning by Mr. Ray Jenkins (right), special counsel for the Subcommittee. Mr. McCarthy is accused of using his investigating powers to gain privileges for his young aide now serving in the Army, Private David Schine. In turn, Mr. Stevens and other civilian chiefs of the United States Army are accused of trying to "blackmail" the Senator into abandoning his investigations of Communism in the Army. The inquiry was expected to take some weeks.

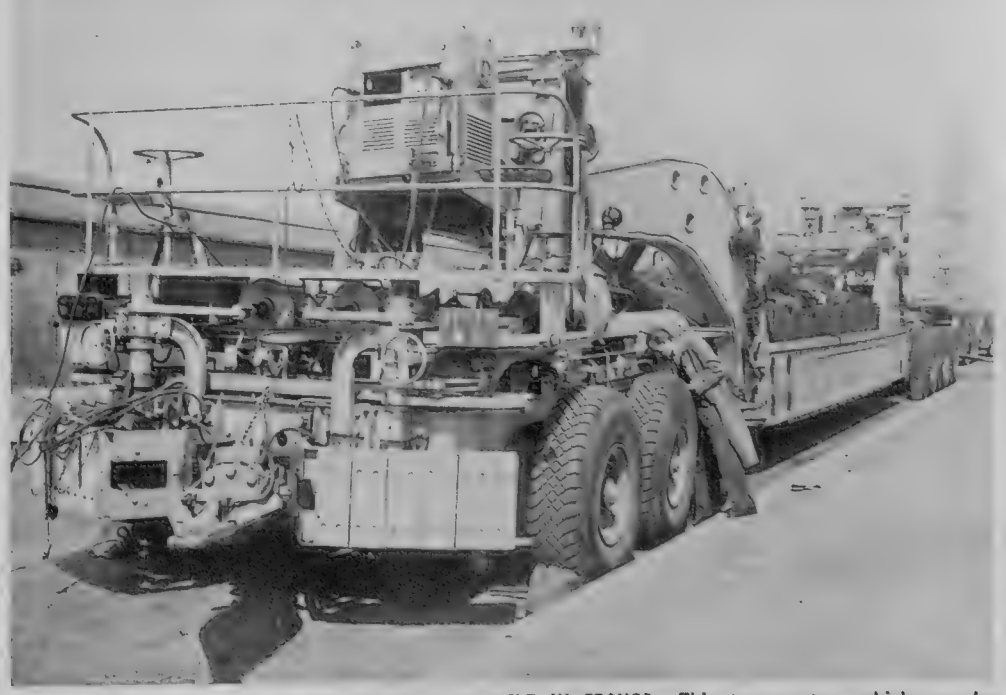
The Caucus Room on the third floor of the Senate Office Building in Washington has in recent years seen many dramatic Congressional inquiries, but perhaps none more sensational, or of more lasting importance than the present inquiry of the Subcommittee for Investigations. The issues before the seven members of this Subcommittee are more than the charges and counter-charges which are bandied about between Senator Joseph McCarthy and the United States Army. It is a trial of the honesty of the two sides to the controversy; it is also a trial of strength between Mr. McCarthy and the Administration, which could resolve once and for all President Eisenhower's standing in the Republican Party.

The inquiry has taken the course that is nowadays expected of any public performance in which the Senator from Wisconsin is involved. In the glare of publicity, with full coverage by television, the main contestants shout and bang their fists, are alternately elated and depressed, inflict and receive small wounds in the cut-and-thrust of the verbal battles across the table. Sensational new evidence is produced, only to be discounted the next day. Forgery, lying, Communism—all are part of the allegations with which the sub-Committee is regaled. Like duelling, it is spectacular, if not particularly edifying; the adversaries have chosen their weapons, and their seconds stand by. It is the modern American way of settling arguments.

A NEW DRIVE AGAINST MAU MAU: Under the supervision of a light machine-gun mounted on a Land-Rover, Mau Mau suspects are shepherded into one of the twenty-five pens at the Langata Detention Camp eight miles from Nairobi. More than 10,000 Africans were taken to the camp for intensive screening in a mass round-up of Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribesmen in Nairobi. A joint operation by the military, police and administrative authorities, involving room-to-room searches and the throwing of a cordon round the Kenya capital, resulted in the arrest of some 3,000 people in a great effort to rid Nairobi of crime and terrorism. After the screening many thousands of Africans were further detained and removed to special reception camps at Mackinnon Road and Manyani outside Nairobi.

HOLLYWOOD'S "PERFECT BACHELOR" MARRIES: The British-born actor Peter Lawford with his bride, Miss Patricia Kennedy, after the wedding ceremony at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Thomas More in New York. Mr. Lawford, who is a son of the late Lieut.-General Sir Sidney Lawford and Lady Lawford, went to Hollywood in 1938. His bride is the daughter of a former American Ambassador to Britain.

IT'S A PUSH-OVER! The small one-wheel "pusher" at left was exhibited at the Industrial Fair in Hanover. Equipped with a 250-cc. engine, it can propel goods wagons of up to 100 tons, and it is said that it will make locomotives obsolete for shunting purposes. The "pusher" costs just over £38 and is made by the Ilo Company of Pinneberg.



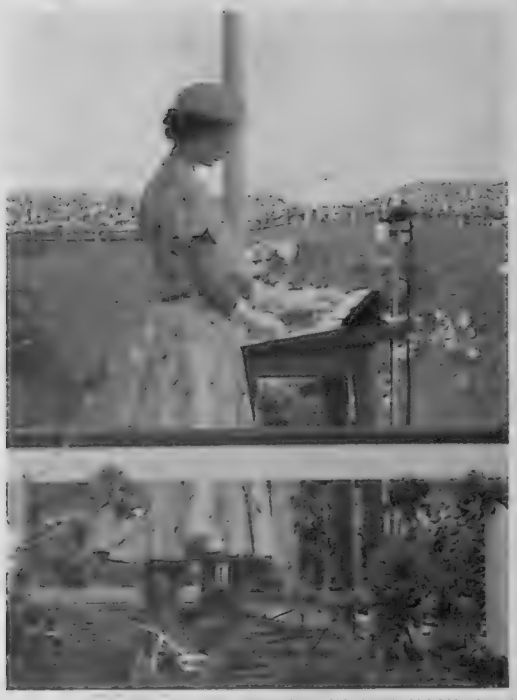
A NEW ROAD AND RAIL HEAVY TRANSPORT VEHICLE IN FRANCE: This transporter, which can be used on both roadways and railways, is seen after completing a test run between Montigny and Sannois. It is over 50 yards long, weighs 70 tons and will carry a load of up to 100 tons. The motive power, for road use, is supplied by the two special engines at the front and rear. The carrying platform can be lowered to facilitate the task of loading goods.

The Royal Tour

VISITING UGANDA AND LIBYA

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Travel Across Africa and Embark in the "Britannia" at Tobruk

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE AT ENTEBBE AIRPORT, TWENTY-ONE MILES FROM KAMPALA, AT THE START OF THEIR SHORT VISIT TO UGANDA: *Left*—Her Majesty shakes hands with General Sir George Erskine, C.-in-C. East Africa; on the left is Sir Andrew Cohen, the Governor. *Right*—The inspection of the guard of honour mounted by the Uganda Police; the men are dressed in khaki drill and dark-blue tarbooshes. Also present at the airport was the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton. Later, at Government House, the Prime Minister and senior Regent of Buganda took part in a ceremony of welcome and presented an address.



TWO OUTSTANDING CEREMONIES IN THE UGANDA VISIT: *Left*—Standing on a dais on the bank of the White Nile, Queen Elizabeth presses a button to open the sluice-gates of the new Owen Falls Dam (also illustrated on page 216). A great crowd of Busoga natives witnessed the ceremony. *Right*—The Mugabi of Ankole welcomes the Queen and the Duke at Katunguru after a trip across the lakes in the Queen Elizabeth National Park. During the trip, when the Royal barge was escorted by the Mugabi's canoes, and also earlier during a drive in an enclosed Landrover, the Royal visitors saw about fifty elephants and seventy-five buffaloes.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE WAR-DEAD: The Queen is seen touring part of the Tobruk cemetery, where about 2,000 British, Australian, New Zealand, Indian, South African, Czech and Polish soldiers of the Eighth Army lie buried. The Queen and the Duke also laid a wreath of Poppies on the Stone of Remembrance.

GOING ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" FOR THE MEETING WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE: Soon after this picture was taken the *Britannia* left Tobruk for her meeting with the British Mediterranean Fleet. At the rendezvous the proceedings were watched by the entire Royal Family.

THE CAMEL CORPS OF ADEN TAKE PART IN THE MILITARY DISPLAY : This was one of the outstanding ceremonies of the visit to the Protectorate, and the Queen and the Duke are seen making their inspection.

The Royal Tour

ADEN'S WARM WELCOME

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Fulfil Several Engagements during Their Short Stay in the Protectorate

On April 27, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid their short visit to Aden, one of the most impressive events was the great military display and march-past at the Crescent Gardens. In addition to officers and men of the Royal Air Force, who played such a prominent part in the ceremonies of the day, there were troops of the Aden Protectorate Levies, including men of the Camel Corps, and representative detachments of all the Armed Forces in the Colony, the Protectorate and British Somaliland. A vast crowd congregated along the Royal route from the harbour to the parade ground, while, despite the intense heat, many others occupied all the vantage points for the witnessing of the ceremony. The Queen and the Duke were warmly welcomed throughout their State drive, and also later when they went on to the R.A.F. Hospital. Other engagements included the laying of the foundation-stone of the new civil hospital; the visit to the petroleum refinery, and the garden party given by the Governor, Sir Tom Hickinbotham.

THE VISIT TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE HOSPITAL, AND THE FIRST INVESTITURE OF THE ROYAL TOUR TO BE HELD IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC : *Left*—The Queen, in a sleeveless summer frock, seen during her tour of the wards of the hospital, and, *on right*, bestowing the accolade of knighthood on Seiyid Bubakr Bin Sheikh al Kaf, Councillor of Kathiri State in Eastern Aden. Air Marshal C. B. R. Pelly, C.-in-C. Middle East Air Force, was also knighted at the same ceremony.

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE SOUTHERNMOST END OF AUSTRALIA : A traveller to the end of Wilson's Promontory pauses a mile or so from the brilliant white lighthouse which stands on the lonely South-East Cape. Beyond lie the Bass Straits, named after the Australian pioneer and explorer who first discovered the promontory in 1798.

AUSTRALIA'S LAND'S END

Wilson's Promontory, the Beautiful National Park in the State of Victoria

Throughout Australia today great enterprises are under taken to preserve the many natural beauty spo which are to be found throughout the Commonwealth This is by no means a new idea, for as far back as fif years ago large areas of unusual beauty and great interes were declared National Parks by State Governments Now, however, the authorities are paying equal attention to making these Parks and preserved areas accessible t the large numbers of holidaymakers who would appreciat them. In no State are the authorities more alive to the responsibilities towards National Parks than in Victoria Some, like the Mount Buffalo National Park, have becom holiday resorts which attract many thousands of visitor throughout the year. Perhaps less organised, but o extraordinary natural beauty is Wilson's Promontory which was designated a National Park forty-six years ag

The greater part of the promontory is mountainous the principal ranges being the Vereker, Latrobe an Wilson Ranges, the summits of which are all over 2,000 f above sea-level. From the slopes of the mountains, whic are predominantly granite, broad, green, deep valley sweep down to the sea. The panoramas from the rock look-outs are superb—from the cliff above the mouth o the Darby River to the South-East Cape itself. Fro the lighthouse, perched 330 ft. above the ocean, one see the southern coastline as a series of rugged indentations while to the north, the eye ranges beyond South Pea and Kersop Peak, across the blue water to Cape Wellington

For the naturalist, Wilson's Promontory has alway been a source of rich knowledge and a site for delightfu study. The flora there range from dwarf plants, such a the heaths, everlasting daisies, golden guineas, orchid tea trees, etc., to the many species of acacias an eucalyptus. Altogether some 600 different native plant have been found there. Birds and other animals are als there in numbers. When the promontory first became National Park no fewer than eighty-three different specie of birds were recorded. The Park was also stocked wit animals whose very names are evocative of Australia: emu koalas, kangaroos, wallabies, bandicoots and lyrebirds.

The history of the promontory also recalls earl Australia. In December 1797, a surgeon, George Bas set sail from Sydney to examine the coast to the south an to discover if there was a strait between the mainlan and newly-discovered Tasmania. While he was on thi voyage he came across the promontory. Only a few week later his young friend Matthew Flinders, on a differen voyage, also "discovered" it. The promontory wa named, at the request of the two men, after Thoma Wilson, of London, a friend of Flinders. At that time i main interest lay in the seals which were found i abundance around the peninsula. To-day, Wilson' Promontory is a joy to the traveller in search of th beautiful and the unusual.

Below—

THE GOLDEN SANDS OF THE WEST COAST : Looking acros Darby Beach towards Tongue Point. The 102,379 acre of Wilson's Promontory became a National Park in 190

A PEACEFUL HAVEN ON THE PROMONTORY'S EAST COAST : The aptly-named Refuge Cove as seen from one of the high points towards Sealer's Cove. The promontory was once a centre of a flourishing trade in sealskins, and often the sealers and whalers would have to move to Refuge Cove to seek shelter from easterly weather.

THE MOST SOUTHERN PART OF AUSTRALIA : This map shows the extent of the National Park. The names of the men who discovered the promontory are commemorated in Bass Strait and Flinders Island to the south.

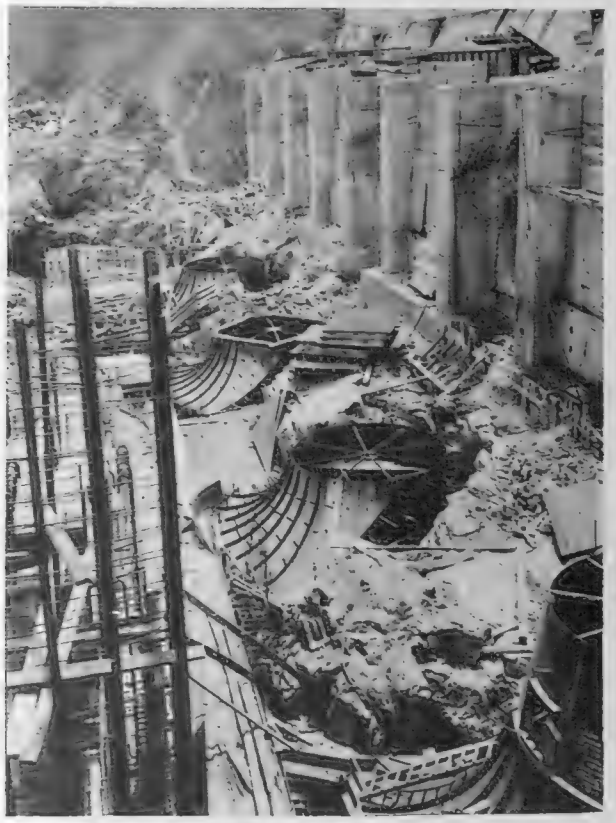
A LINK WITH THE SEALSKIN TRADE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE PROMONTORY : Beautiful Sealer's Cove, on the east coast, as seen from a spur to its south. When Wilson's Promontory was first inhabited, the islands around abounded with seals. There are many old tales of the rivalry that existed among the early seal hunters.

FLORA AND FAUNA ARE ONE OF THE PROMONTORY'S ATTRACTIONS : These everlasting daisies on Mount Oberon are among the 600 native plants recorded on the promontory.

THE WINDING COURSE OF THE TIDAL RIVER : The view from Pillar Point, on the west coast. In the distance are, on the left, Mount Ramsay, and on the right the northern shoulder of Mount Oberon. At near-by Oberon Bay there is excellent fishing. The bait which the fish favour, a shellfish known as cungie, is found on the rocks.

INAUGURATED BY THE QUEEN

PICTURES OF THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK



A VIEW OF THE POWER HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT OWEN FALLS IN UGANDA: This hydro-electric scheme, which was officially opened by the Queen during her visit to Uganda last week, will have cost £16,000,000 when completed, and it will supply enough power to meet Uganda's electricity needs for many years to come. As well as supplying Uganda with electricity, the dam will supply Egypt and the Sudan with water for irrigation, and these countries have contributed towards the cost of the scheme.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DAM TAKEN BEFORE THE OFFICIAL INAUGURATION BY THE QUEEN: The power house can be seen under construction near the right of this picture, and on the far-side bank part of the switching station can be seen. It is situated a little over a mile below the natural weir of Ripon Falls.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE OWEN FALLS DAM AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: The main dam is seen on the left of this picture, and the intake dam and power house are on the right of this. The building adjoining the right of the power house is the office block.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE POWER HOUSE BEFORE ITS COMPLETION: Near the top of this photograph, part of one of the turbines can be seen in position. The roadway spanning the dam is over 530 yards long.

THE DOWN-STREAM FACE OF THE MAIN DAM: The dam will hold up over 7 million million cub. ft. of water. The area of Lake Victoria, which will now become the world's largest reservoir, is 26,800 square miles, only a little less than the area of Scotland.

When the Queen opened the Owen Falls Hydro-Electric Scheme while in Uganda on the final phase of the Royal Tour last week, she was inaugurating a scheme whose potentialities were first realised as long ago as 1908 by no less a person than Sir Winston Churchill. In *My African Journey*, published in that year, he wrote: "It would be perfectly easy to harness the whole river and let the Nile begin its long and beneficent journey to the sea by leaping through a turbine. It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry." But it was not until 1935, following the Hydro-Electric Commission's report, that the seeds of the final scheme, as it is to-day, were sown. Four years ago the actual work on the dam and power house, and all the other buildings that go to make up a scheme of this size, was started.

The site of the dam is just over a mile down stream from the Ripon Falls, which for many years, as a natural weir, have controlled the flow of water from Lake Victoria. Eventually, the waters of the lake will flow up to the new dam, and the Ripon Falls will be submerged. Before work on the Owen Falls dam could be started, the Ripon Falls weir was augmented to keep the flow of water down to the minimum required for the work to go ahead, and a series of cofferdams were constructed near to the actual dam site.

The Owen Falls dam itself is of the mass concrete gravity type, and is about 2,500 ft. in length and has a maximum height of 100 ft. The maximum flow of the river will be passed through six low-level control sluices, each with dimensions of 9 ft. 10 ins. by 16 ft. 9 ins.

As well as supplying sufficient hydro-electric power to meet the ever-increasing needs of Uganda for many years to come, the dam has been built 1 metre higher than is necessary for this in order to provide irrigation water for the agricultural lands of Egypt and the Sudan. The Egyptian Government has contributed money towards the scheme, and the Egyptian Minister of Works, Ahmed Sharbassy, was present at the inauguration ceremony.

The civil engineering consultants responsible for the work in the dam are Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, and the contractors are the Owen Falls Construction Company, a group comprising many British and Dutch firms. The dam and power station will be run by the Uganda Electricity Board, whose chairman, Sir Charles Redyers Westlake, was gazetted for a knighthood a few days before the Queen's visit.

THE PARADE RING AT NEWMARKET : Being walked round before the race are the runners in the 2,000 Guineas, first of the season's classics and one of the two (the other is the 1,000 Guineas) which are held during Newmarket's Spring Meeting. The race was founded at Newmarket in 1809 and is run over the Rowley Mile straight course.

THE HOME OF ENGLISH RACING

At Newmarket's Spring Meeting, the First Two of the Flat-racing Season's Five Great Classics are Run

Newmarket, the home of British racing and of the Jockey Club, has a long history as a racing centre. It was near there that Queen Boadicea and her tribe, the Iceni, who were great horse-lovers, had their headquarters. But, though Richard II was known to race there before he came to the throne, it was James I who first firmly established Newmarket as a racing centre. His first visit was in 1605 and in 1630 Charles I set up his entire court there in a palace which now is no longer standing. Charles II established a race there—the Newmarket Town Plate—and twice won it himself, the only reigning King of England recorded as riding the winner of a flat race.

Somewhere near 1752 the " noblemen and gentlemen belonging to the Jockey Club, at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall," rented some land in the High Street of Newmarket to build a coffee house, and on roughly the same site the Jockey Club rooms now stand. In 1770 they announced the appointment of three stewards to conduct racing affairs at Newmarket and they have done so ever since.

THE FINISH OF THE 2000 GUINEAS : The race was won by Sir Percy Loraine's Darius, with E. Mercer up, by a length from the French horse Ferriol, with the Aga Khan's Poona (nearest camera on right) third. Sir Percy Loraine, who was formerly Ambassador to Italy and Turkey, has had several notable racing successes since the war, and this was his second classic winner ; the other was Queenpot, who won the 1,000 Guineas in 1948. Darius was sired by Dante, the Derby winner of 1945, and after this win himself became favourite for this year's Epsom race. The horse is trained by Harry Wragg, and is his first classic winner as a trainer.

A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN BURLINGTON HOUSE: Sir Winston Churchill replying to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers at the banquet which preceded this year's Summer Exhibition. Three places to the right of the Prime Minister is the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly, next to whom sit the Archbishop of Canterbury and M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1954

A "Ladies First" Year at the Summer Exhibition in Burlington House

By R. H. WILENSKI

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THIS is a "Ladies first" year at the Royal Academy. For the State portrait of the first lady in the land has its proper place of honour in the Central Gallery; and many of the most engaging pictures and the most sensitive sculptures are contributed by women artists. It is also a liberal Academy. For the jury has admitted a wide range of style in all departments and there is something for everyone to like or to rail at.

The sculptures, for example, range from models of over-life-size figures to be set up and tolerated and perhaps admired in public places, to a tiny but by no means insignificant terra-cotta of two shrew-mice quarrelling, which calls for a glass case like the one that displays it in the Gem Room. There is the usual row of portrait heads in bronze, varying from gold to silver or patined to brown or green. There are standing, seated or reclining models, in clothes or draperies or nothing, carved or modelled in naturalistic, conventional or mixed style; and there are animal pieces—pigs in sycamore that are clustering and almost squeaking, and a grave couchant horse made of hard granite in the ancient Chinese manner with permanent waves in his mane and tail.

Among the paintings there are two large pictures of religious subjects which raise questions too difficult for me to reply to: Is a modern or a traditional style the more appropriate for such themes to-day? If traditional, should the style of Giotto, Raphael, Piero della Francesca or what Carlyle called "the Correggiosity of Correggio," or something French or Spanish, Dutch or Flemish or Internationally Baroque or Mannerist be chosen? Or should English artists base themselves on Blake's strange blend of Michelangelo and Gothic? And should the answers be the same or not when the picture is commissioned as an altar-piece for a particular church and when it is painted by the artist of his own volition to express his personal religious feelings or his own pictorial credo, or to parade his powers and attract attention in a large, competitive display? And if the answers are forthcoming, how do they apply to the two large pictures which have raised them?

Questions, too—though less hard ones—are raised by the portraits shown this year. For the portrait sections in the Academy's exhibitions have been part of social history from the outset; and in this aspect the Academy has had three brilliant periods—the first notoriously the period of Gainsborough and Reynolds, the second the period of Lawrence, and the third the period of Sargent, Lavery and Shannon; so that all the world still thinks of the men and women who led a social life here in those periods in images provided by those artists. Students of the body politic may be able to tell us why the Academy portraits of the later nineteenth century and the post-Edwardian periods show a social England that seems relatively drab. We have not yet seen an Academy where all the portraits

"THE GAMBLERS" by JOHN MINTON: This is one of the two big religious pictures in this year's Academy, the other being an altar-piece for the Church of St. James, Beckenham, Kent, "The Resurrection," by A. K. Lawrence, R.A. Mr. Minton's large canvas possesses something of the dramatic quality of a theatrical version of the story.

"WINTER ARRANGEMENT" by FREDERICK T. W. COOK: There are many more flower-paintings than usual in this Academy, some showing a Dutch influence.

"NEAR VENICE" by SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, HON. R.A. : The Honorary Academician Extraordinary has four works in this year's exhibition, landscapes from Southern Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. "His pictures hold their own with the average landscapes in the Academy."

"DANCING IN THE MALL" by COSMO CLARK, A.R.A. : The crowds amid "the grace and glitter of the arches." "The records of the splendid Coronation pageants are more concerned with the thousands of spectators in chaotic crowds than with the rhythm of the colourful processions."

"HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN : THE STATE PORTRAIT" by JAMES GUNN, A.R.A. : This regal portrait, an exacting task in which Mr. Gunn "has risen to the occasion," holds the place of honour in the Central Gallery.

"SIR JOHN FORSDYKE, K.C.B." by SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A. : The sitter was Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum.

"HARNESSED ANTELOPE" by JOHN R. SKEAPING, A.R.A. : This drawing in conté crayon is one of six lively animal sketches which Mr. Skeaping exhibits in the drawings and prints room.

"SKETCH FOR PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN" by JOHN NAPPER : An attractive, "slight and unpretentious" sketch of the Queen wearing a pale-blue dress.

are of clerks and typists, charwomen and navvies, and all the groups of Trades Union committees and football-pool administrators—perhaps because England is not yet as democratic as Holland was in the days of Hals and Rembrandt. But portraits of peers in their robes and of peeresses and wealthy ladies in pearls and satin are hardly to be found this year; and since we all love titles and panache and vicarious contact with people who live and spend with flourish, the absence of such portraits deprives us of some fun.

In the field of genre this year a Bohemian atmosphere pervades a stampede of revellers at some art students' ball; but the democratic drift has given us pictures of a village cobbler with his lasts and nails and leather, of a bird market and of a fried-fish shop; and even the records of the splendid Coronation pageants are as much or more concerned with you and me and other thousands of spectators in chaotic crowds than with the rhythm of the colourful processions and the grace and glitter of the arches in the Mall.

On the other hand, JAMES GUNN, in his State portrait, *Her Majesty the Queen*, seems to me to have risen to the occasion. Such portraits are exacting tasks, and many, in the past, have been undeniable failures. For it is one thing to succeed with a slight and unpretentious portrait of a Royal sitter in a pale-blue dress, like JOHN NAPPER'S attractive *Sketch for Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen*, or even to succeed with informal portraits like the great series which Velasquez painted of Philip IV (who never called upon him for a portrait in his robes of State), and another to succeed with a large official portrait in full panoply like Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV or with a picture such as was demanded here. And Mr. Gunn has, I think, succeeded by intuitive understanding of the temper of the times—or, to put it differently, and perhaps better, because the Queen selected the right man. There is no flamboyant parade here of magnificence and no bravura in the handling; the richness and glitter of the accessories are sacrificed to an even tone, serenity and measure; the figure has dignity without pomposity, and youthful charm without any false notes of sentiment; and there are passages of pretty colour in the embroidered gown.

In a flash of inspiration the Hanging Committee has surrounded the Queen's State portrait by large flower-paintings—thus providing a festive setting to the quietude of the central panel. And there are other flower-paintings in the various galleries—many more, I should say, than usual. Here I detect the influence of the series of flower-paintings which were such a feature in the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House two years ago. For most of these flower-pieces are more decorative than Impressionistic; and a number quite evidently challenge the Dutch pieces of the earlier seventeenth century, where flowers in vases sing out in strong local colours from dark backgrounds, as distinguished from

(*Continued on following pages*)

"LEYDEN" by JOHN ALDRIDGE: This attractive painting in Gallery V is among those mentioned by Mr. Wilenski as being "painted for painting's sake—pictures done by artists for their pleasure." Mr. Aldridge has two more pictures in the same room.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1954 (*continued*)

"RIVERSIDE PICNIC" by PHILIP CONNARD, R.A.: "A care-free decorative panel with a feathery and rhythmic tree," one of the pictures painted for the artist's pleasure.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER" by CHARLES SPENCELAYH: This painting of a village cobbler, with his boots, nails and leather strewn about the room, is typical of the "democratic drift" in genre painting this year. There are few portraits of peers in their robes and wealthy ladies in pearls and satin; instead, there is the cobbler.

(*Continued from previous page*)

the later pictures, by Van Huysum, and others, with light grounds.

Most flower-paintings, at any rate since Fantin-Latour set the fashion, have been Impressionistic in the sense that the actual flowers are grouped in vases and the painters record effects of light on them without much interest in the detailed forms. But the Dutch flower-painters proceeded on a different system; they painted without the flowers *as a bunch* before them; they copied each flower separately from nature or from water-colour drawings or prints of flowers by botanical experts, and thus they built up compositions in which, incidentally, flowers of different seasons seem often to be blooming in one vase. Many of the flower-paintings in this exhibition stand nearer in effect to these old Dutch pieces than to the Fantin-Latour tradition or the flower-pieces by Renoir (not to mention Cézanne, who produced some famous pieces from paper blossoms bought from a neighbouring store). But the technique of this Neo-Dutch flower-painting is less arduously systematic than the slow, methodical technique of the earlier pictures. Because artists to-day habitually paint "directly"—*i.e.*, they mix up the tints they want on their palettes and apply them thus mixed to the canvas, and they are not generally disposed to proceed the Dutch way and build up each leaf and petal in delicately elaborate impasto and then add tints in a series of thin glazes—which, alas! are often removed and put back by guesswork when such pictures, darkened with age and varnish, are cleaned and restored.

I seem, moreover, to detect the influence of last year's Flemish Exhibition in certain pictures in this show. For I thought at once of Pieter Bruegel's snow-scenes when I came upon JAMES BATEMAN'S *Winter Feed* and the *Landscape With Tree-fellers*, by HUGH CHEVINS; and rightly or wrongly, I was reminded of Teniers by the background figures in JAMES WARD'S composition called *Mrs. Norman Parkinson*, which descends for the rest from Sargent's *Madame Gautreau* and from the velvet blacks that made Glyn Philpot's reputation when he set *The Honble. Mrs. Packe* before us in the attitude of the lady (whose name I have forgotten) whose portrait had long ago launched Thomas Lawrence on the road to fame. This *Mrs. Norman Parkinson*, indeed, is one of the pictures here that evoke nostalgia for the Edwardian portraits in several ways; the few flicks of light on the small glass chandelier, for instance, recall the enormous glass contraptions with a hundred high-lights that adorned so many portraits in interiors of those days. *Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent*, by SIMON ELWES, which hangs hard by, though a very different picture, has a similar nostalgic quality, as the artist has used a degree of Sargentine brio in the handling, though he has diluted and toned-down the technical flamboyance; and that dilution means that in a true Edwardian setting, surrounded by Edwardian portraits of the epoch, this picture would look lifeless. For the Edwardian Baroque manner is nothing without its technical aplomb—the arrogant crimsons, the swaggering high-lights, the sharp accents of umber shadow and the pseudo-Impressionist reflections in the half-tones. And in this connection we may note that SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS is not afraid to go all out as an Edwardian and to label his Derby gypsies *Arriving at Epsom: A Scene from the Past* in unabashed defiance of the *andante* measures of our time.

For *andante moderato* is, I think, the tempo of the most engaging works this year; and that, perhaps, is why some women artists seem to come here to the fore—DOD PROCTER, for example, in her gentle *Little Black Girl*, with its pleasing colour; and GERTRUDE HERMES, in her sensitive bronze heads, *Charlotte Pudney* and *Alan Herbert*, where the light plays on most delicately modelled features and there is no pretension and no excessive smoothness and no pointless pats or lumps of clay to give a pseudo-interest to the surface. And there is MARGARET FISHER PROUT, Senior Associate and heir to the true Impressionist tradition through her father, Mark Fisher, the first Englishman to understand and practise it. Mrs. Prout's delightful *Lady Allen and "Frosty"* is painted with

Above, left—"LANDSCAPE WITH TREE-FELLERS" by HUGH T. CHEVINS; and *above*, "WINTER FEED" by JAMES BATEMAN, R.A.: The influence of last year's Flemish Exhibition (through the pictures of Pieter Bruegel) is exemplified in these two exhibits. In Hugh Chevins' landscape the composition is strikingly reminiscent of Bruegel, the Elder. James Bateman here displays his talent for recording the country scene in a large picture which also impressed Mr. Wilenski as having possible roots in the Flemish master.

TWO WORKS BY WOMEN—*On left*—"CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW" by MISS DENISE E. BATES. *On right*—"LADY ALLEN AND 'FROSTY'" by MRS. MARGARET FISHER PROUT, A.R.A.: This year "many of the most engaging pictures and the most sensitive sculptures are contributed by women artists." Mrs. Prout's picture "is painted with a light touch and the ease of long experience, and the gaiety of the colouring, where there are no dull patches of just this or that, makes it a fitting adornment for a modern room."

a light touch and the ease of long experience, and the gaiety of the colouring, where there are no dull patches of just this or that, makes it, like her landscape, *The Old Mill Stream, Bosham*, a fitting adornment for a modern room with brightly-patterned curtains and light walls.

Mrs. Prout's pictures are what the French call "*la peinture*," which is rather like what we call "Painting for painting's sake," an attitude that gave us Whistler's *Off Valparaiso* and *Miss Alexander*, and which is found here, to some extent, in some sketches and paintings done by artists for their pleasure—by PHILIP CONNARD, for example, in *Riverside Picnic*, a care-free decorative panel with a feathery and rhythmic tree; by ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES, who has reacted æsthetically to a straw basket and four peaches; by JOHN COLE in the *Little Flower Shop, Quebec Street*; JOHN ALDRIDGE in his *Leyden*; ROBERT BUHLER in a number of pictures, including the head of a fashionable lady, with pale eyes and lip-sticked mouth; JAMES FITTON in the witty composition, *Sisters in the Rain*;

(*Concluded on following pages*)

On right—
"ARRIVING AT EPSOM: A SCENE FROM THE PAST," by SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A.: The painter "is not afraid to go all out as an Edwardian and to label his Derby gypsies in unabashed defiance of our time."

"FOUR QUEENS FIND LAUNCELOT SLEEPING" by F. CADOGAN COWPER, R.A.: This scene from Malory "goes back to ideas of art and pictorial methods pursued by the initial followers of the Pre-Raphaelites."

"THE LITTLE FLOWER SHOP, QUEBEC STREET" by JOHN COLE: This glowing little picture is typical of the work of the artist, who has established himself as the recorder of London's picturesque old shops. Mr. Cole also exhibits a picture of Savory and Moore's chemist shop in New Bond Street.

On left—

"HEAD OF DAPHNE SPENCER 1953" by STANLEY SPENCER, R.A.: "A romantic study where every ounce of individual character, every twist of personal feature, is intensively observed and vividly set down."

On right—

"LITTLE BLACK GIRL" by MRS. DOD PROCTER, R.A.: A gentle painting in pleasing colours which conveys the *andante moderato* tempo of the present day. Mrs. Procter, who is represented in the Tate Gallery, became an R.A. in 1942.

"STANDING FIGURE" by JOHN D. PRANGNELL: A detail of the work, which is executed in plaster. This "puts Prangnell on the map as a modeller with personal vision."

"MOURNERS: SOUVENIR OF BRITTANY 1910" by HENRY LAMB, R.A.: This work recalls "Death of a Breton Peasant," painted in 1910, and now in the Tate.

"STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT" by ROBERT BUHLER, A.R.A.: In the exhibition Mr. Buhler has contributed a similar "study," as well as two portraits and two landscapes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1954

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PHILIP GREENHAM in *Josephine*, a large portrait study sensitively seen as a tonal concept and given the good place it merits in the Central Gallery; and HENRY LAMB'S *Mourners*, which is sub-titled *Souvenir of Brittany* 1910, and indeed recalls his *Death of a Breton Peasant*, painted in 1910 (and now in the Tate Gallery), a dry, incisive, deeply-felt, dramatic picture, challenging Mantegna, and in no degree "*la peinture*" but undoubtedly great art.

I do not think there is any picture in this exhibition which enters this category of great art, unless it be the *Head of Daphne Spencer*, by STANLEY SPENCER, in the small South Room—a romantic study where every ounce of individual character, every twist of personal feature, is intensively observed and vividly set down. But Mr. Spencer, though always a major artist, is not really, I feel, at his best this year, though his *Bride and Bridegroom*, from a *Marriage Feast at Cana* series, is a most original concept (as I pointed out when it was reproduced in these columns on February 27). This picture is badly hung in Gallery I. Two other compositions, *Hilda Welcomed*, in the Central Gallery, and *Hilda and I at Pond Street*, in Gallery VII, are better placed and so more conveniently studied. But I am moved by neither as perhaps I should be.

And SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL? Well, Sir Winston is a great man and a professional artist in

"QUEEN OF THE SEA 1911" by RICHARD EURICH, R.A.: An R.A. since last year, an A.R.A. since 1942, and a member of this year's Hanging Committee, Mr. Eurich has given the Royal Academy some of its "problem pictures." His "A Judgement," which was reproduced in "The Sphere's" Christmas Number of 1951, was one of the problems of the Exhibition of that year. In it various instruments—violins, trumpets, a hurdy-gurdy, harpsichord and clavichord awaited judgement by St. Cecilia.

"JOSEPHINE" by PETER GREENHAM, A.R.A.: "A large portrait study sensitively seen as a tonal concept and given the good place it merits in the Central Gallery," writes Mr. Wilenski.

"FRYING TO-NIGHT" by JAMES FITTON, R.A. ELECT: This picture is in keeping with the trend towards "democratic" subjects, both in portraiture and in genre paintings. Mr. Fitton, who was elected a Royal Academician this year, contributes five works to the Summer Exhibition, notably "Sisters in the Rain."

words. When he speaks or writes he holds us all in the hollow of his hand; he knows all the tricks and all the devices of varied touch and timing; there are no blank spaces, no approximations and no echoes of other speeches or other writings—not even of his own. "Time cannot wither . . ." can be in truth applied to him. But he is not a professional, in this sense, in painting. His pictures hold their own with the average landscapes in the Academy exhibition. But that, paradoxically, is because the Royal Academy has long lost the feel for masterly work in landscape painting, though it began professionally enough, as all the world knows, with Wilson, Turner and Constable, all masters in their ways. To tour the walls of any Academy exhibition looking only at the landscapes is like looking at landscapes from the window of a train. We see certain landmarks and general configurations and approximate effects of colour. But no one yet reacted to the landscape in a railway window as we react to the professional landscapes by Wilson, Constable and Turner or to the backgrounds in Flemish "primitives" or to Sir Winston alternating short sentences with long ones and choosing each time infallibly the most vivid and emotive word.

I have called this a "liberal" exhibition; it follows that variety of style and purpose is an outstanding feature; and nothing, indeed, could be stylistically more different or more apart in purpose than *Four Queens Find Launcelot Sleeping* by CADOGAN COOPER, from the semi-surrealist *Study of Girl's Hair With Curtain*, by JEFFREY NUTTALL, or the *Phrase in Abstract*, by BRIAN SEATON. For the first goes back to ideas of art and pictorial methods pursued by the initial followers of the pre-Raphaelites, who sent similar illustrations to the Arthurian legend (with extracts from the poems in the catalogue) in the later 1850's; and the others bear similar relation to some works by quite modern painters who in recent years have won success and the esteem of serious judges outside the Academy's sphere. And this liberalism is still more marked in the sculpture section; for though there is nothing here that goes back so far, there is much that to the Academy's public will be strange and new; and between the poles there is the *Standing Figure* which puts JOHN PRANGNELL on the map as a modeller with personal vision, who won a Rome Scholarship some years ago and thus proves that the assessors had discernment.

THE RABBIT AND THE FARMER

The Problems set by the Rabbit Disease are Many and They do not Necessarily End with the Rabbit

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LAST November an advisory committee was appointed to study and report on *Myxomatosis cuniculi*, the very deadly rabbit disease which has been sweeping eastern Australia for some years past and which arrived in south-eastern England from France last year. This committee's report has recently been published. They have recommended that the disease should be allowed to run its natural course among the wild rabbit population. They also say that they are satisfied that there are clear objections on humanitarian grounds to the deliberate infection of wild rabbits with the disease, and they recommend that nothing should be done to assist the spread of myxomatosis or to introduce it into unaffected areas. Their recommendations have been accepted by the agricultural departments.

Opinion, as one would expect, is very sharply divided about myxomatosis. There are those who, realising that the rabbit is a pest and a very serious menace (it has been estimated that the yearly loss to the nation through damage by rabbits is in excess of £70,000,000), welcomed the arrival of the disease and hoped that it would lead to the early and total extermination in Britain of this pretty little rodent. There are others who view the arrival of the disease in quite another light. There is a vast and flourishing rabbit-trapping industry, and those to whom the wild rabbit is a steady, and highly profitable, source of income do not welcome an agent far more deadly than any trap. No trap is ever going to put a rabbit-trapper out of business; but there is a chance that myxomatosis might do so. And, then there is also, in this country, a huge body of people (mostly, it must be said, townsfolk) who have a deep sentimental regard for the rabbit and little or no knowledge of its habits, since they are not affected by them to any great extent, if at all. This body, though from somewhat purer motives, views the advent of myxomatosis with as much distaste as does the trapping industry.

There is also—and it is important to understand this—a very considerable ignorance about the disease itself. Many people believe—and, indeed, it is sometimes so-called in the Press—that myxomatosis is a "man-made" disease. It is nothing of the sort. *Myxomatosis cuniculi* is a virus disease which first appeared, suddenly and without warning, among domestic rabbits in South America towards the end of the last century. Man had absolutely nothing to do with this initial outbreak, which, in fact, took him completely by surprise. It has since, incidentally, been discovered that the disease is endemic among the brush rabbits of South America.

Man, therefore, did not "make" myxomatosis. But he has deliberately carried it across the world. The virus was cultured and experiments were carried out in laboratories and with enclosed stocks of rabbits. This was, of course, no more than normal scientific practice. The virus was found to be very lethal indeed and, because of this, it was suggested that it might be used in the fight against the rabbit plague in Australia. Nobody (however humanitarian) who knows anything about the rabbit in Australia could blame anyone for making that suggestion.

With the rabbit menace in Australia in view, experiments were carried out in various laboratories and enclosures both in England and in Australia. These tests showed that there was pretty nearly 100 per cent. fatality among rabbits infected with the virus. They also proved—and this was every whit as important—that all other animals, including the hare, are immune.

But when it came to experiments with isolated, but not enclosed, populations of wild rabbits a different picture emerged. (It seems to have been forgotten by the general public, who have been much disturbed by the sensational reports of the present outbreak, that wild rabbits in isolated communities in Britain—mostly on islands—were deliberately infected before the war as part of the experiments of Sir Charles Martin. I saw something of this in South Wales at the time and I cannot recall that there was any great outcry at the time.) Despite the great success (from the extermination point of view) of the virus in laboratory and enclosure experiments, it failed to spread among wild rabbits, even in island communities.

After the war, the rabbit situation in Australia had become so serious that it was decided to infect some animals and to release them to take their places among the wild population. It was probably thought that, having regard to the experiments with isolated communities before the war, nothing very much would happen.

So the infected rabbits were released. And to begin with, nothing seemed to happen. I believe that there were then some people in Australia who dismissed the experiment as a failure and resigned themselves to the rabbit pest as a permanent and increasing burden. Then, in the summer of 1950–51, things did begin to happen, and, when they did, they did so in the most spectacular fashion. During that summer myxomatosis swept like wildfire over an area many, many times the size of the British Isles, and the casualty figures were simply astronomical. During the winter the disease died down, but it did not die out, and in the next summer it broke out again as fiercely as before, covering an even greater area. Again in the winter it died down, but last summer—that is, 1952–53—it spread still further.

Nobody can say how many rabbits have died of myxomatosis in Australia since the war. But it is certain that many millions have died. But that is not all. Other, very important facts have emerged from this Australian campaign. For one thing, highly lethal though it is, myxomatosis does not wipe out the total population of rabbits in any area. It does not do so, because if the virus did exterminate the total population, it would, in so doing, also exterminate itself. Thus, in every infected community, there are a few rabbits which contract the disease and recover from it. And these rabbits, few in number, it is true, are henceforth immune. They are fertile and will breed, and it is possible that they will pass some measure of immunity on to their offspring. There is, indeed, some evidence that they do do so. Moreover, it has been found that some of the rabbits which have survived carry a myxoma virus which is not nearly so powerful as the original one. If this weaker virus should spread through the population which has survived the onslaught of the more powerful type or spread through populations not affected by the deadly virus, it would have the effect of inoculation.

It is in the light of that brief account of the disease that one must consider the recommendations of the advisory committee. There can be no doubt whatever that their recommendations are wise. They are, indeed, the only recommendations that could be made, having regard to the facts.

When the disease first reached England, it was the official policy to contain the outbreak, if possible, so as to have time to consider all the problems that it posed. There was never very much hope of containing it, and it did not, in fact, prove possible. There was also a slight hope that the disease might die out in the English winter. It did not do so. At the time of writing seventeen outbreaks have been reported—seven in Kent, four in Essex, three in Sussex, two in Suffolk and one in the Isle of Wight. There is obviously no hope whatever of containing the disease now, and the committee's recommendation that it should be allowed to run its natural course is the only one that could be made under the circumstances. How far it will spread, and how quickly, depends very largely on the numbers of insect carriers.

This is not enough to satisfy those who see in the coming of the disease a golden opportunity of ridding ourselves of a very expensive pest. There are plenty of people in this country who would like to see the disease spread by every means possible. But, in the light of events in Australia, the committee's recommendation that nothing should be done deliberately to spread the disease or to introduce it into unaffected areas is obviously very wise.

I am not, I must confess, impressed or moved by their reference to clear objections on humanitarian grounds. There are even clearer objections on humanitarian grounds to the use of the gin-trap, but successive British Governments, including the present one, have refused to abolish the gin-trap on grounds of expediency. Nor am I impressed or moved by those (and there have been many) who write about the moral aspect, about our responsibilities towards the animal kingdom, and so forth. While we use the gin-trap, and while farmers put down strychnine for the destruction of moles, we are in no position to talk about the moral aspect of myxomatosis injection. The rabbit occupies no more favoured position in the animal kingdom than the rat. Talk of this nature must strike any countryman who keeps his eyes open as sheer humbug.

The reasons for not deliberately spreading the disease, for not introducing it into unaffected areas, are much more concrete. We just do not know what would happen. We might well find—as they may well find in Australia—that at the end we have the rabbits *and* the disease, endemic in our fields and woods and hedgerows. And there is also the domestic rabbit industry to be considered. But that is really a separate, and even more serious, problem.

However, quite apart from all that, what is going to happen is that great numbers of wild rabbits are going to die in England. The total population in any given area will not be wiped out. There will always be a few survivors, and these, if nothing is done about them, will breed and in due course re-populate the area with an immune or strongly resistant strain. Obviously, there is here a golden opportunity for ridding an area of wild rabbits altogether by eliminating the few survivors. And the committee recommend that this should be done.

But it should be remembered that a rabbit-free area or a rabbit-free country will set its own problems. Some of them are obvious. A good deal of our ground vegetation is what it is because of the rabbit. Remove the rabbit and there must, inevitably, be some big changes. Obviously the disappearance of the rabbit would be an immense boon to forestry generally. For one thing, it would mean that rabbit-proof fencing, a very expensive item, would no longer be necessary. There would also be great changes in moorland vegetation and it is, perhaps, not quite so certain that all the changes that would take place—and they would come fairly quickly—would be an improvement from man's point of view. I think that it is probably true to say that they would not, if the hill sheep population remained at its present level.

Grassland and pasture is another matter. The lovely close turf of the chalk downlands is due to the presence of many rabbits. If the rabbits disappeared and downland sheep were not brought in in large numbers there would be changes in our downland that would not recommend themselves to the British public in general. Sheep are much more valuable than rabbits, but would the farmer become sheep-minded once again?

Both permanent pasture and leys would certainly be improved, and enormously, if the rabbit disappeared. The yield would be very much greater, but the improvement would only be temporary if the grazing-power was not increased—and rapidly. Though there can be no doubt whatever that the disappearance of the rabbit would be a good thing in the long run, it would at the start set the farmer a good many problems.

The disappearance of the rabbit, even a great reduction in the numbers of the rabbit, will certainly set other problems. The wild rabbit is an important source of food for a wide variety of wild creatures. Foxes kill and eat a great many: so do stoats and badgers and rats and several birds of prey. The total disappearance of the rabbit, even a great reduction in its numbers, is inevitably going to mean a great change in the habits of the fox, to take only one example. The fox is not going to starve if he can help it. The total disappearance of the rabbit, or a great reduction in its numbers, will surely mean a proportionately big increase in losses of poultry and lambs—and some headaches for Masters of Foxhounds. It could, taking a very long view, mean the end of fox-hunting.

The problems set by myxomatosis do not end with the rabbit.

ATTACK IN THE WAR ON THE RABBIT . . .: An expert operator at work with Cyanogas, which, if properly applied, will soon kill off a whole warren. As the gas is pumped in under pressure it soon permeates the complicated system of earthworks. This gas has been employed with the greatest of success in parts of England which have been very seriously overrun with rabbits.

On right—

. . . AND DEFENCE: A rabbit-proof stile is absolutely essential if any effective system is to be adopted by farmers—but the construction of rabbit-proof fencing is an expensive item.

A 1,300TH ANNIVERSARY

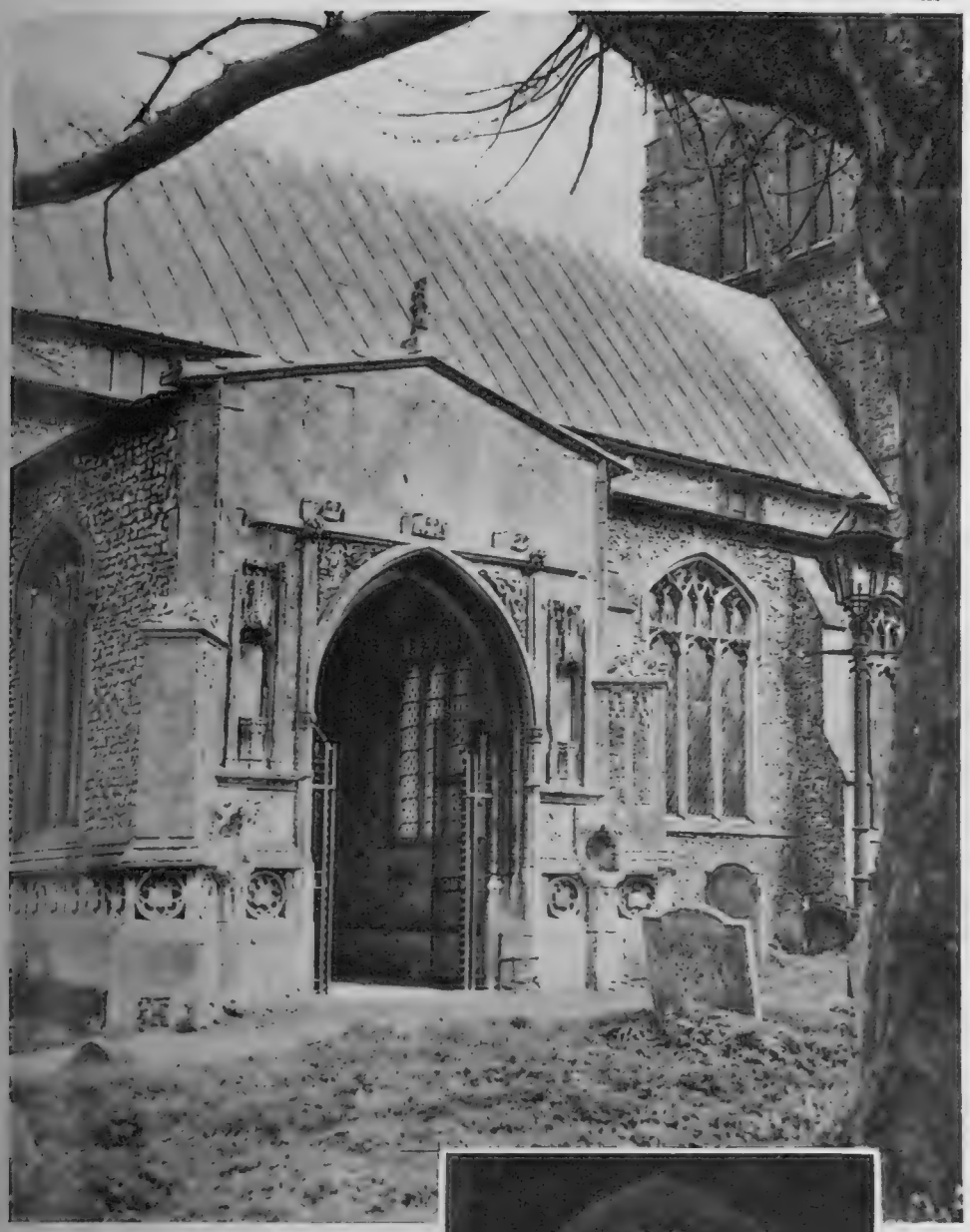
On July 8 the Parish Church of Dereham, Norfolk, Celebrates its Foundation by St. Withburga, who was Buried There in 654

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, EAST DEREHAM, NORFOLK: A view of the ancient church, which will shortly celebrate its 1,300th anniversary. It has two towers: a fourteenth-century lantern tower in the centre and a separate bell tower finished about 1536.

The first church of Dereham was the nunnery church built by St. Withburga, daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia; therefore it is one of the oldest churches of Royal foundation in the country. St. Withburga, who was its first abbess, died, according to a thirteenth-century breviary, on March 17, 654, and her translation is dated July 8. It is on this last date that the church will hold its festival, which will include a pageant written and produced by Mr. Nugent Monck.

Nothing remains of the first church which, with the nunnery, was probably destroyed by the Danes in their raid of 870. The present church contains architecture of most periods from Norman to Perpendicular, and stands on the same site as St. Withburga's original church. St. Withburga's Well, by the west end of the church, is the site of her first burying-place. St. Withburga was also the sister of St. Etheldreda, the foundress of Ely.

The church is one of the rare ones with two towers. There is a graceful fourteenth-century lantern tower in the centre of the church and a separate bell tower which dates from the early sixteenth century. Separate bell towers, though rare, are not unique: Chichester Cathedral has one, and both Salisbury and Norwich Cathedrals once had them.



THE SOUTH PORCH OF DEREHAM CHURCH: This porch was built some time after 1500, in which year Roger and Margaret Boton left money for its construction. Their names are cunningly worked into the flushwork (inlaid flint) pattern.

On right—

WILLIAM COWPER'S TOMB: The poet spent the last four years of his life in the town and died in a house in the Market Place. He was buried in the church on May 3, 1800. The memorial window above the tomb, showing the poet himself and scenes from his works, was put up in 1900. Another famous writer, George Borrow, was born in the parish and describes a service there in *Lavengro*.

ST. WITHBURGA'S WELL: This is the spot where St. Withburga was originally buried. The plaque notes that her remains were stolen by the Abbot and monks of Ely and taken to their cathedral.

TWO OLD COTTAGES ALONGSIDE DEREHAM CHURCH: These picturesque thatched cottages, known as Bishop Bonner's cottages, were built in 1501 and are now owned by the Norfolk and Norwich Archæological Society. A feature of them is the coloured floral decorations below the eaves.

PART OF THE CEILING OF ST. THOMAS'S CHAPEL: There are two magnificent fifteenth-century painted ceilings in the church: the one above in St. Thomas's Chapel, and one in the Chapel of the Holy Cross.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Survey of Recent Events in England and Scotland

THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS LEEDS : Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother talks with the Princess Royal at the foot of the steps of Leeds Town Hall. The Princess Royal, as Chancellor of Leeds University, had just conferred on the Queen Mother the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The Queen Mother visited Leeds recently to take part in the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of Leeds University. She flew there in a Viking of the Queen's Flight, first to attend a civic dinner given by the Lord Mayor of Leeds, and then, on the following day, to be made an Honorary Doctor of Laws of Leeds University. After her sister-in-law, the Princess Royal, who is Chancellor of the University, had conferred the degree on her, the Queen Mother said that we had embarked on a new development of democracy, what had been called the age of the common man. We had to see that along with better conditions and a higher standard of living there must be a higher standard of conduct and a deeper sense of spiritual values.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE CLYDE : This hopper, designed to carry away dredgings from the Clyde and dump them through the bottom some miles out to sea, has just been built for the Clyde Navigation Trust by William Simons Limited, of Renfrew. It is 202 ft. long, has a beam of 35 ft. 6 ins., can take 1,200 tons of dredgings, and cost some £200,000 to build. William Simons specialise in building dredgers and hoppers and have supplied them to practically every major port. They built the first hoppers for the Clyde Navigation Trust in 1862.

DANCERS FROM MOSCOW : Tamara Lukianova, nineteen-year-old ballerina with the Moscow State Dance Company, spins at high speed before her fellow dancers. The Company, who have already toured most of the Iron Curtain countries, are here for a month and are appearing at the Stoll Theatre. Their visit is sponsored by the British-Soviet Friendship Society. This is the first visit to Britain by a Soviet Russian Theatre Company since the Revolution of 1917.

THE QUEEN MOTHER DINES WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF LEEDS : They are seen arriving together at the Civic Hall for the civic dinner in honour of Leeds University's fiftieth anniversary, at which Princess Royal was also present. The Queen Mother flew by Queen's Flight Viscount to attend it.

COMMEMORATING JOHN STOW AT THE CITY CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW UNDERSHAFT : Every year there is a commemoration service held at the church to honour the famous London antiquary John Stow, who died in 1605. It is held under the auspices of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society and is attended by the Lord Mayor and some of the Aldermen. Above, the Lord Mayor, Sir Noel Bowater, is seen placing a new quill into the hand of John Stow's marble effigy—a traditional homage from London's first citizen, to the man who brought out the great *Survey of London* in 1598. The monument was put up by Stow's widow.

A SCOTTISH CASTLE IS BLOWN UP: Tullichewan Castle, built on the banks of Loch Lomond in 1792, was blown up last week because the owner found the £500 a year rates and taxes too much. The castle had been empty for the last three years; during the war it was taken over by the Navy, later by Americans, and then by the Wrens. To bring down the 60-ft. tower, 300 holes were drilled in the base of its 6-ft.-thick walls and filled with explosives. Then, before a large crowd, a ten-year-old boy, son of the demolition contractor in charge of the work, pushed a plunger to bring the castle tumbling down. A large crowd turned up to watch the big bang, which was supplied by some 200 lb. of dynamite. The picture *above, on left*, shows the tower crumbling down as the charges are exploded; *on the right* is all that remained when the dust had cleared.

On left—

PREHISTORIC BURIAL-GROUNDS ARE PLOUGHED UNDER NEAR STONEHENGE: The two people on the right of this picture are standing on what remains of two barrows which were recently ploughed under by the vehicle seen on the left. The barrows, which belong to the Normanton group near Stonehenge, were part of one of the finest prehistoric burial-grounds in England. The fact was brought to general notice in a letter to *The Times* newspaper. Following the publication of the letter, Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works, made a special journey to inspect the group of barrows. It has now been agreed to suspend the ploughing operations in this area. It has been reported that the landlord's bailiff, when interviewed by a Ministry inspector, maintained that the two barrows were indistinguishable from the rest of the land thereabouts, but, as can be seen by the photograph above, even after deep ploughing they are still visible.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING TRAVELS BY HELICOPTER: A Bristol Sycamore helicopter is seen taking off from Chelsea en route to Tidworth Barracks, in Wiltshire, where the C.I.G.S. presented a new guidon to the 1st Royal Dragoons. *On left*—Sir John Harding in the helicopter just before the take-off from Burton Court, Chelsea. Sitting on the far side of the C.I.G.S. is the pilot, Captain J. B. Spittal. Behind the Field-Marshal is Farrier Sergeant B. Turp, a retired soldier, who was given a "lift" to Tidworth. He served with the Dragoons for twenty-one years and was present in 1925 when the first guidon was presented.

A TRICKY TASK AT KEW GARDENS: Mr. G. H. Anderson, a foreman gardener at Kew, is seen on a ladder attached to the roof, spraying a rare plant in the Palm House. His job is tricky, because the Palm House, which has been closed to the public for the past year, has been condemned as dangerous owing to decay, and the workmen who use the roof ladders must be careful not to impose too sudden a strain on the structure. It is planned to construct a new building from the arches which lined the Mall during the Coronation, but work will not start on this until next year.

SINGERS AND PLAYERS

A Pictorial Survey of Stage, Screen, and Opera Personalities Lately in the News

A SINGER FROM PERU : Miss Yma Sumac, the singer with the five-octave range, is now in this country on a month's tour. Miss Sumac, who claims to be descended from Inca princes, sang opera at her first appearance, but says she is not a great singer. So do the critics.

REPENTANCE : The hero begs forgiveness in a scene from Weber's opera *Der Freischütz* at the Royal Opera House. The principal singers in this scene are (left to right) : Jess Walters, James Johnston, Michael Langdon, and Sylvia Fisher. The opera has not been seen at Covent Garden for many years.

Weber's thriller opera *Der Freischütz* has not been heard at Covent Garden for some years, although the first performance of the new production was the 109th time that the opera has been played there. The plot of the opera is derived from the legendary hunter who gets seven bullets from the devil, which are bound to hit their mark. Six are for the hunter's use ; the last bullet is at the absolute disposal of the devil, who directs it himself.

When the opera was written 133 years ago it was meant to chill the spines of its audiences ; now the horrors are faintly ridiculous, and the opera survives on the strength of its music. But the producer, Christopher West, has brought all Covent Garden's resources into play for the eerie effects. Edward Downes, who is only twenty-eight, conducted, and the principal parts were sung by Otakar Kraus, James Johnston, Adele Leigh and Sylvia Fisher.

TWO THEATRICAL TEAMS : Pictured together after the first night of *Waiting for Gillian* at the St. James's Theatre are two husband-and-wife theatrical teams. On the left are Googie Withers and her husband John McCallum, who are playing a husband and wife at the St. James's. On the right are Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton ; she had just left her own show to congratulate him on his performance as Googie Withers' lover.

On left—

INGRID BERGMAN AT LA SCALA, MILAN : The famous Swedish-born star is seen taking a curtain call at Milan's great opera house after playing the leading role in Honegger's opera, *Joan of Arc at the Stake*. She did not have to sing at all, as the main character in this opera is silent. The evening was also a great success for her husband, Roberto Rossellini, who has branched out from film-making recently into producing opera. A few months ago he directed his wife in her first operatic role at the Naples Opera House.

On right—

CHAPLIN HAS A BIRTHDAY : Charles Chaplin was smiling happily with his wife when this birthday picture was taken in their Zurich home. Chaplin was sixty-five on Good Friday. He and his wife, who is now a British citizen, have decided to make their permanent home in Europe.

MAGGIE TEYTE SINGS AGAIN : The famous opera singer, now sixty-six, is seen practising for a come-back concert she gave on April 22 at New York's Town Hall. She said it was not a farewell performance, but a "souvenir" one. Her ambition is to complete a full fifty years on the stage—which will be in 1957.

The RIFT BETWEEN AUSTRALIA and RUSSIA

The Diplomats Leave Canberra and Moscow After the Break in Relations as a Result of the Petrov Affair

THE GROUNDS OF THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN CANBERRA: An aerial view showing a formal flower-bed on the lawn in the shape of a Soviet star. It was in the bushes surrounding the Russian Embassy that officials burned documents when it became known that they would have to leave Canberra.

When the Australian Government refused to hand over Vladimir Petrov and his wife, who had been granted asylum in Australia, the Soviet Government broke off diplomatic relations. Immediately there was great activity at the Soviet Embassy in Canberra. Smoke poured from the grounds there as documents were burned, but it was some days before the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Generalov, was ready to embark at Fremantle in a liner whose sole passengers were the staff of the Russian Embassy. Meanwhile, at Moscow, the Australian Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Hill, was informed that he was expected to leave within three days. However, the Russian authorities constantly delayed the departure of the Australian staff without any adequate explanations, and despite the protests of the Australian Government. Finally, however, after it had been ascertained that the Russian Ambassador in Canberra was leaving Australia, Mr. Hill and his party were escorted to the Finnish border. From Helsinki Mr. Hill and the administrative officer flew to London, while the rest of the party and the families made their way to England by sea.

THE SOVIET ENVOY IN CANBERRA: Mr. N. I. Generalov, the Russian Ambassador to Australia, followed by a counsellor, Mr. N. I. Klimov, leaving the Foreign Ministry in Canberra. Together with his staff, Mr. Generalov flew from Canberra to Perth, where they embarked on the liner *New Australia*.

THE PLATE COMES DOWN IN MOSCOW: Mr. William Morrison, Third Secretary at the Australian Embassy in Moscow, unscrewing the plate from the front door before the staff's departure for London.

On right—

AUSTRALIAN DIPLOMATS IN LONDON: Mr. Brian Hill, left, who was Chargé d'Affaires at the Australian Embassy in Moscow, with Mr. Keith Prouse, the administrative officer, after their arrival at London Airport from Helsinki. Their departure from Moscow had been delayed by the Soviet authorities.

THE RUSSIANS GET PACKING: A glimpse between the trees at the Soviet Embassy in Canberra as members of the staff pile up packing-cases in preparation for their departure. The Russians did not take kindly to Press photographers, and one cameraman had a pitchfork thrown at him when he was discovered in the grounds.

THE OPENING SESSION OF THE GENEVA CONFERENCE ON SOUTH-EAST ASIA : In the centre of the picture is Mr. Anthony Eden, and beside him, at the United Kingdom's table, is the Minister of State at the Foreign Office, the Marquess of Reading. Next to Lord Reading is Chou En-lai, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of the People's Republic of China. The Conference marked Chou En-lai's first official appearance in a Western country. The Conference, after a quick settlement of procedure, opened with a discussion on Korea.

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

The Nineteen-Nation Talks o South-East Asia and the Far Ea Opened Under the Shadow Events in Indo-China

The Geneva Conference on South-East Asia a the Far East opened in the Palais des Natio dominated by the battle for Dien Bien Phu. On t eve of the assembly the American Secretary of Sta Mr. Dulles, was proposing to aid the beleaguere French garrison by sending American carrier-base planes on air sorties against the surrounding Vie Minh forces. He had agreed to this providing t British backed him. This Mr. Eden refused to d He felt that direct Anglo-American interventi would have justified Chinese intervention on the oth side: the Geneva Conference would have be wrecked from the start, and such action might ha led to a general war. So the garrison of Di Bien Phu had to battle on alone in the mud early monsoon rains.

The Conference opened with discussions on th unification of Korea. America supported the UN resolution of last year that elections be held only North Korea; the Chinese and the other Communi delegations opposed this, demanding that ne elections should be held throughout the country. this they were backed by Mr. Richard Case Australia's Foreign Minister.

A feature of the Conference is a marked co ciliatory mood, broken only by the d[illegible]ipati between America and China. By the end of th fourth day, Mr. Dulles had not met [illegible] En-l

MR. EDEN DISCUSSES A POINT WITH LORD READING : The British delegation statesmanlike handling of the Americans, who wanted an immediate air-strik at Dien Bien Phu, probably averted a disastrous start to the Conferenc

THE SOUTH KOREAN AND AMERICAN DELEGATIONS : In the foreground, wearing glasses, is South Korea's Foreign Minister, Dr. Pyung Yung Tai. Two rows behind him is the representative of his great ally, America's Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, also wearing glasses. When the Conference was four days old, Mr. Dulles still had not met Chou En-lai.

THE NORTH KOREANS : In the centre seat, behind his delegation's sign, sit their chief delegate, General Nam Il. Of the nineteen nations assembled a Geneva, North Korea, China and Russia are the only Communist ones

THE ASSEMBLY OF NINETEEN NATIONS : Represented at the Conference were : Australia, Belgium, Canada, Colombia, North Korea, Ethiopia, France, Greece, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, China, the Philippines, South Korea, Siam, Turkey, Russia, the United States and Great Britain. Chou En-lai, making his maiden speech before an East-West assembly, wanted to know why so few Asian nations had been invited to this Conference on South-East Asia. But as far as the Commonwealth Asian countries were concerned, Mr. Eden was in constant touch with the Prime Ministers of India, Pakistan and Ceylon, who were then attending the Colombo Conference.

THE CHINESE DELEGATION : In the foreground on left is Chou En-lai. Alongside him, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, is his Deputy Foreign Minister and Ambassador to Moscow, Chang Wen-tien. During the discussions on Korea, China demanded that new elections be held throughout that country.

THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION : To the left of Mr. Molotov is his Deputy Foreign Minister, Andrei Gromyko ; to the right is Mr. Molotov's interpreter. They are sitting, conveniently, right behind the Chinese delegation.

HALL PLACE, NEAR BEXLEY, IN KENT, THE RESTORATION OF WHICH HAS ALMOST BEEN COMPLETED: *Above*—A view of the front of Hall Place, with part of the ornamental gardens in the foreground. *On left*—The Bell Tower, one of the older parts of the building. The restorers have had to contend with dry-rot, and the effects of a German rocket and occupation by American troops during the war.

HALL PLACE RESTORED

An Historic Sixteenth-century Mansion in Kent, which is being Restored by the Local Corporation

The redecoration and restoration of Hall Place, at Bexley, in Kent, is the culmination of three years' work by the local corporation. The house, which has existed more or less in its present form since the sixteenth century, was bought by the corporation in 1935, together with 62 acres of gardens, but actual work could not be started until some years after the war. As well as restoring the actual fabric of the house, the extensive gardens were remodelled and laid out in ornamental fashion; this task was finished, and the gardens were opened by the Duchess of Kent in June 1952.

Although officially dated "sixteenth century," Hall Place is built on one of the oldest sites in the area. It has been recorded that the ruins of a Roman villa were found during alterations made to the house many years ago, and it is fairly certain that a Saxon family, the Atte Halles, had a house on the site. From the thirteenth century until 200 years ago, only four families, the Shelles, the Champneis family, the Austens and the Dashwoods, had lived either in the house as it is now or in the one built on the site previously, each of them making many alterations to the Hall. Since the end of the eighteenth century, however, owners and tenants changed more frequently. Towards the end of last century, the house was let by Mr. Francis Dashwood, the natural son of Lord Despencer and the owner, to a Mr. Jeffreys, of Margate, who opened a school at the Hall. The house continued as a school until 1912, when Lord and Lady Thurston became tenants. The latter won fame under the name of Denise Orme, an actress and violinist. After the Thurstons, the house once more became a school. One of the most recent owners was Mr. Brady, the American millionaire banker, who bought the house while his mother-in-law, Lady Limerick, was living there. In 1935 the house was bought by the corporation, subject to a life tenancy by Lady Limerick, who died in 1943.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE OLD GALLERY: The ornamental ceiling seen here [illegible] by Inigo Jones and the fireplace on the right is dated 1610. In 1952 [illegible] Duchess of Kent opened the ornamental gardens, which cover 62 acr[illegible] but at that time the restoration work had not been complet[illegible]

THE BANQUETING HALL AND MINSTRELS GALLERY: This picture shows the fine work which has been carried out by the Bexley Corporation, who are responsible for the restoration.

THE BALLROOM, WHICH HAS A TIMBERED CEILING: The house was purchased by the Bexley Corporation in 1935, subject to a life tenancy by Lady Limerick, who was then living there. Lady Limerick died in 1943, and the house was then requisitioned by the War Office. It has only been during recent years that the corporation were able to carry out their restoration work on the house and gardens.

On left—

THE LOWER FLIGHT OF THE FINE TIMBERED MAIN STAIRWAY AT HALL PLACE, IN KENT: In an old house, like Hall Place, which dates back to the sixteenth century, and which has much wood in its construction, dry-rot can do a great amount of damage throughout the building.

NEW LOOK For The ETERNAL CITY

In Many Cases the Architecture of the New Buildings in Rome is in Marked Contrast to the Old

A new Rome is gradually taking shape around the ruins of former dynasties. Since the end of the war nearly 1,200 new buildings, comprising 350,000 rooms, have sprung up on the seven hills of Rome, giving the city a look of extreme contrasts. In most cases the architecture is ultra-modern and much space is given to long, wide terraces and exterior staircases; throughout the buildings the accent is on the maximum of air and light. In some instances special permits had to be obtained before building operations could go ahead, as the terraces and balconies appeared to lack sufficient support. At one of the buildings the protruding balconies give the impression of a series of open drawers.

There are many contrasts in the buildings themselves, for some bear ornate designs on the walls, while others, which have been built by the city authorities, are comparatively plain. The same applies to rents. Often the new buildings come into the de luxe categories, and the rent for a four-room apartment in some of the areas is comparatively high when compared with local standards. The controlled rents, however, are sometimes one-third lower.

THE LATEST IN APARTMENT BUILDINGS: High on Monte Mario, Rome's highest hillside, a municipal tram passes a modern apartment building, featuring open-air staircases, and (left) an all-glass fronted first floor entrance hall. This is one of the many new buildings erected in Rome and its suburbs since the war, its design forming part of the new trend in architecture.

CONTRASTS IN TERRACES: The completed block seen beyond the workman in the picture *on the left* is in the Nomentana district, where the buildings are going up under the auspices of the Rome Municipal authorities. In this area rents are controlled, and the houses are less flamboyant in design, but in the picture *on right* the design is entirely different. With its long, wide terraces and large windows, the house is called "Palace of the Rainbow" because of the many colours present in the design of the ground-floor wall.

On right—

THE MONTE PARIOLI DISTRICT IS THE AREA WHERE BUILDING OPERATIONS HAVE BEEN MOST ACTIVE: In the spacious and magnificent-looking buildings in this area live some of the city's diplomats and film stars.

WORK GOES AHEAD IN ONE OF THE DESERTED STREETS OF SALARA: Many of the apartments are either sold or rented long before the construction is even half-way through.

A POPULAR OPTIONAL EXTRA

The Laycock-de Normanville Overdrive Unit is Growing in Popularity; the Motorists' Trail of Litter; the Automobile Association Extend their Radio-Controlled Road Service

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

EASTER holiday-makers left a disgusting trail of litter behind them, and I am afraid motorists were the worst offenders.

My own observations and the comments of friends show that unsightly assortments of cartons, empty tins, unwanted bottles, newspapers and greasy bags were left behind at countless picnic sites, many of them at some of Britain's most glorious beauty spots.

What a pity it is that motorists, motor-cyclists, cyclists and walkers have not yet acquired a proper appreciation of the British countryside and all that has been done to preserve it by such bodies as the National Trust and the Council for the Preservation of Rural England!

The ever-growing popularity of the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive unit is one of the outstanding features of the technical developments which have taken place since the war in the world of motoring.

For £50 or £60 the device can now be fitted as an optional extra to many different British models. It is standard equipment on a number of others. By cutting down the engine speed for a given road speed the overdrive unit reduces wear, saves petrol and makes motoring quieter.

The Standard Vanguard, which has done valuable pioneer work with the Laycock-de Normanville unit, provides an excellent example of the value of the device. By operating a small switch on the steering column, and without having to use the clutch, you can bring into play two extra gears. One is "higher than top." The other has a ratio which comes about midway between second and top.

So a three-speed box is converted to one with five ratios and a measure of two-pedal control. The R.A.C. recently made an interesting test with an "overdrive" Vanguard picked at random from the assembly line.

In a 138-mile run from London to Bexhill and back at an average speed of 31.47 m.p.h. the Vanguard averaged 28.74 m.p.g. On a second run, from London to King's Lynn and back—a distance of 213.5 miles completed at an average speed of 41.45 m.p.h.—the fuel consumption was 27.06 m.p.g.

The Automobile Association have announced plans to extend the coverage of their radio-controlled road service to an area of 15,000 square miles. Radio is already in use in and around London, Guildford and Glasgow. Soon there will be A.A. transmitters working in Birmingham and Leeds, flashing signals to radio-equipped patrols whose help is needed by stranded motorists.

By the middle of the summer there will be A.A. transmitters serving Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham and Bristol. Later, the Cambridge and Sheffield areas will be added to the radio picture.

"When the scheme is in full operation," state the A.A., "there will be relatively few parts of the country where motorists will not be within fairly easy reach of prompt assistance at any time."

I like the realistic approach the Shell-Mex and B.P. organisation has made to the subject of customer service. Here is one big petrol company which admits that all is not well in this direction—and is doing something about it.

It is currently showing programmes of specially-made films to owners and managers of petrol-filling stations who have joined the Shell and B.P. "selected representation scheme"; in other words, those who have agreed to sell only Shell and B.P. oil products.

The object of these films, which are being shown in a large number of different centres, is to encourage petrol-station managements and staffs to be more polite and helpful to motorists.

In a Shell-B.P. booklet published in connection with these pep-shows, prominence is given to a motorist's letter printed in a national newspaper recently, and which asked: "What has happened to the garage 'services' we motorists were going to receive? For six months now, nobody has wiped my windscreen, inquired about my oil level or offered to check my tyre pressures. They do not even say 'Good morning' to me."

In a chapter headed "The Problem of Pleasing the Motorist," the Shell-B.P. booklet admits that "there is still much room for improvement in the forecourt service offered to motorists in this country.... The motorist is *not* getting the service he wants."

This big petrol combine tells its dealers: "There are no circumstances in which a motorist should not be greeted politely, have his windscreen wiped, his needs attended to, and be seen courteously off the premises."

THE DAVID BROWN LAGONDA, WHICH WILL MAKE ITS DÉBUT AT NEXT WEEK'S SILVERSTONE MEETING: Mr. David Brown is seen at the wheel in this picture, but the driver next Saturday will be Reg Parnell. Later, in June, two of the cars will take part in the Le Mans race.

Mr. David Brown, millionaire patron of motor sport, has announced details of the new 4½-litre, 12-cylinder sports Lagonda, two of which he has entered for this year's 24-hours race at Le Mans.

The car has been developed from the Aston Martin DB 3 S, but the "over-square" all-aluminium engine is of entirely new design, and is not related to the pre-war Lagonda V12 unit. It has twin overhead camshafts for each bank of six cylinders, and there are three down-draught Weber carburettors.

The Lagonda's return to motor racing after an absence of fifteen years is a major event in the history of the sport. The marque made its last racing appearance at Le Mans in 1939, when Lagondas finished first and second in their class. A 4½-litre model driven by Arthur Dobson and Charles Brackenbury came third in the general classification at 83.5 m.p.h.

In 1935 a 3½-litre Lagonda won at Le Mans at 77.85 m.p.h. Only two other British makes have won this classic race: Bentley and Jaguar.

One of the new Lagondas has been entered for the international sports car race at Silverstone next Saturday, May 15. It will be driven by Reg Parnell.

Britain is building more cars than ever—and selling more abroad than last year. In March the rate of production was a record: nearly 14,700 a week. Of the 73,405 cars built during the month, 34,400 were exported. This is the highest export figure for any month since January, 1952.

Production and export figures for the whole of the first quarter of 1954 are equally encouraging. Output was up by 54,000 compared with last year, and 17,000 more cars were sold abroad in the period.

The Austin Motor Company report a record March production of 20,634 vehicles (including commercial vehicles), and nearly 13,000 were exported to more than 100 different countries for £8,598,150.

Production is also booming in the factories of the Rootes Group, which make Hillmans, Humbers and Sunbeam-Talbots. Early last month they achieved a record weekly output rate of 2,074 cars and some 400 trucks. They are building 1,700 Hillman Minxes every week—to mention only one model.

In spite of all these healthy figures a warning note was sounded by Mr. W. R. Black, president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, at the Society's annual meeting last month.

In the export market, he said, portents were somewhat disturbing. In 1953 they did not match their record exports of 1952, and as the seller's market began to disappear it became quite obvious that intense international competition had to be faced in the years ahead.

"Overseas markets have become very selective and price conscious," said Mr. Black, "and there is no doubt that one of the outstanding problems facing our industry is that of controlling and, where practicable, reducing selling prices."

Motor sport is now in full swing in Britain. Large crowds have already watched some exciting racing at the attractive new course at Oulton Park, in Cheshire, and at Goodwood, the Sussex track which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has made so pleasant and comfortable.

Soon—next Saturday, to be precise—we are to have the first of the big Silverstone meetings organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club and sponsored by the *Daily Express*.

Drivers in the main event—the Tourist Trophy Race, for 2½-litre Grand Prix cars of the new formula — are expected to include Stirling Moss, Prince Bira, Roy Salvadori and Ken Wharton (Maseratis), aces from the Ferrari factory, and Lance Macklin in one of the new H.W.M.s.

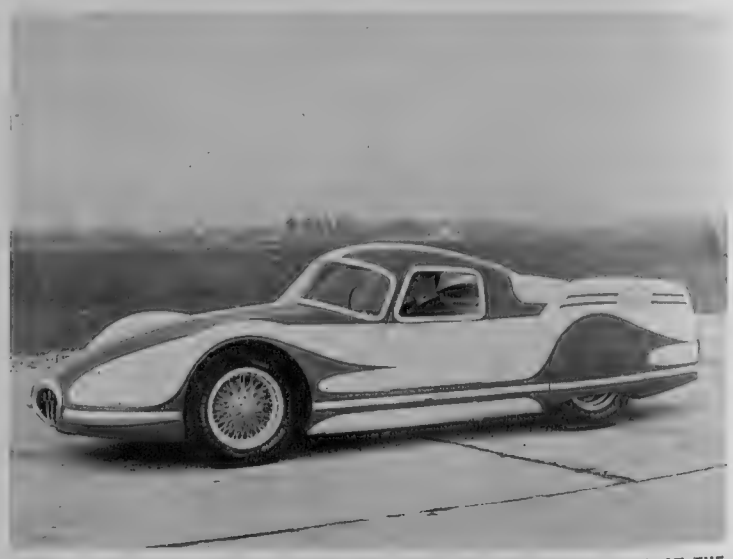
One other item of motor racing news: The circuit at Brands Hatch, in Kent, has been lengthened to 1.24 miles at a cost of £8,000 by the addition of a 500-yards-long loop.

The famous Citroën firm has developed a new hydro-pneumatic rear suspension system for their big 6-cylinder models.

It "takes advantage of the properties of liquids and gases." The "springs" of each wheel are in the form of spherical gas containers. The weight of the car acts on a piston which compresses the gas through the medium of the liquid.

This—if you are still interested—is achieved by means of a flexible diaphragm separating the gas from the liquid. Damping is effected by causing the liquid to flow through calibrated holes.

JAPAN ENTERS THE CHEAPER MOTORING MARKET: Two of the new Japanese Flying Feather cars (one showing the canvas roof rolled back) which are being produced by the Suminoye Engineering Works of Tokyo. Costing about £350, the Flying Feather is claimed as the smallest, and most economical practical car in the world. It is a two-seater with a 350-cc. engine at the rear which gives the car 12.5 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m.; the top speed is 37 m.p.h. and the fuel consumption is about 58 m.p.g. The car is 9 ft. 1 in. long and 4 ft. 3 ins. wide.



STABILISERS ON LAND—ONE OF TWO OUTSTANDING FIAT EXHIBITS AT THE TURIN MOTOR SHOW: This is the gas-turbine car, a two-seater of sleek, handsome, streamlined form; the other model, also on show at Turin, has a plastic body. A characteristic of the gas-turbine car is the fitting (on the rear of the car) of the two vertical fins which act as stabilisers when travelling at high speeds. The overall weight of the car is slightly over 2,200 lb. The maximum speed has not yet been measured, but it is anticipated that 155 m.p.h. will be attained.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HARD WORK

In His Autobiography the Author of "Worm's Eye View" has Little Time for Chance, but Long Hours for Constant Industry

THERE can be few things as exasperating to a successful man as when an acquaintance, or even a friend, says lightly to him: "Of course, you've been very lucky, haven't you?" As if the prosperity of his business, or the beauty of his garden, or the long run of his play, or the soundness of his scholarship had come to him as unpredictably as a win on the pools, or a chance in a lottery. With infinitely rare exceptions there is no substitute for hard work, and this no matter how much talent or taste a man may have. Mark Twain or somebody said that genius was a capacity for applying the seat of the pants to the seat of a chair, and certainly the most brilliant and successful writers I have known keep working hours as long, as stringent, and at least as regular as anyone tied to an office desk. And yet there are always people who will look at those reputations and those fortunes, and say: "Lucky, aren't you?"

I am sure, for instance, that Mr. R. F. Delderfield has often suffered from this casually tossed barb, and yet his play, *Worm's Eye View*, which ran for five years and seven months, and broke all play records for longevity, was by no means a lucky little squib thrown off in an idle moment, but the work of a man who had been writing and trying for recognition and publication all his adult life. As a general factotum on a Devon newspaper, and as a rather bewildered R.A.F. corporal in five-and-a-half years of war, Mr. Delderfield had not only been writing consistently, but had been working hard at getting his plays and his stories accepted. He was thirty-four when he had this first tremendous success, and as far as I can see, luck had absolutely nothing to do with it at all.

In his autobiography, BIRD'S-EYE VIEW (Constable. 15s.), Mr. Delderfield discourses very little of chance and a great deal about work and effort, but in such an agreeable, modest and sensible way that the reader is charmed as well as impressed by his constant industry and equally constant good humour. A thoroughly likeable book, in fact, with a great many laughs and some admirable comments on our times.

THE GLASS SCREEN FOR THE WEST FRONT OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL TAKES SHAPE: Mr. John Hutton is seen working on a panel portraying John the Baptist, which will form part of the screen. When completed, it will be erected in place of a normal wall, thus allowing a greater amount of light and the observance of services from the outside.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between this lively but altogether mild and reasonable account of a life rooted in South London and the West of England, and Countess Alexandra Tolstoy's second study of her father's work and career. She was Tolstoy's youngest daughter, but towards the end of his life the one closest to him, and she is already the author of a biography, *The Tragedy of Tolstoy*, to which this fuller volume is complementary, giving a wider, less biased view of the stormy relationship between the great writer and his wife.

TOLSTOY: A LIFE OF MY FATHER (Gollancz. 30s.) may not be the definitive critical work on the writings, although even there it gives extraordinary sidelights on Tolstoy's own opinions of his novels, but it is likely to stand as a study of the man himself; the aristocrat whose interpretations of the humanities was, in his own time, revolutionary; the loving father; the moody, aloof philosopher whose creed was, nevertheless, "the enlargement of love," and the unhappy being who could write in his notebook: ". . . . even those who are always with me, my children, my wife. . . . Among all these people I am alone, completely lonely and alone."

I found it a magnificent book, overwhelming, uneven, sentimental to a degree that we might call Victorian and that is probably just Russian, and evocative throughout its length of the splendours and miseries which were Tolstoy's intellectual birthright.

Nearly a year ago Londoners found the time and the impulse to single out from all the exotic notabilities here for our young Queen's Coronation one other figure who, in a different way, they could take to their hearts. Queen Salote of Tonga, 6 ft. 3 ins. in her stockinged feet, as regal as the queens of either hemisphere and imperturbably good-natured through icy rain and unsheltered drives, captured not only our imaginations but our affections to such a degree that a newspaper writer summing up the events of the past year and mentioning "dear, dear Queen Salote," could be assured of our concurrence.

Sir Harry Luke has known Tonga and its queen for many years and writes about them both respectfully and affectionately in QUEEN SALOTE AND HER KINGDOM (Putnam. 9s. 6d.), quoting our own Queen's words of a few months ago when she said in her speech at Tonga: "Never was a more appropriate name bestowed on any land than that which Captain Cook gave to these beautiful islands when he called them 'the Friendly Islands.'"

Just as every man is allowed two countries—his own and France—so it may be with the counties of England, and where it is not Devon or Cornwall, the supplementary one will often be Sussex. Sussex people themselves have long been a vocal lot, notably Hilaire Belloc, who spoke of his fellow Sussex men as "by far the first and most noble of all the people in the world."

Mrs. Esther Meynell, who has written SMALL TALK IN SUSSEX (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), has quite as abiding a love for the county, and writes of it tenderly, anecdotally and, on occasion, poetically. Her predilection for Sussex, above all other counties, not only inspires every paragraph, even the most personal of them, but has led her into an amusing little quirk, a kind of literary trick by which she seems to keep a secret score of the number of people she can, justifiably or not, connect with the place.

There is much that is amusing in these pages, for in the discursive plan of her book Mrs. Meynell finds as much opportunity for rambling into wit as into historical and geographical fact, and I liked her quotation from a house agent's advertisement of a Tudor cottage, that it had a "priest's hole with fitted wardrobe."

THE SPANISH TEMPER (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), by Mr. V. S. Pritchett, is also by a distinguished author writing about a part of the world that he deeply loves, and there all resemblance between the two books ends. It is thirty years since Mr. Pritchett first went to Spain, and he writes: "I might almost say, without being guilty of rhetoric, that the sight of the landscape of Castile changed my life." In this book he writes of every aspect of the Spain that he has known, whether in the '20's, or in the years just before the Civil War, or in the past two or three years; of the people, their history and their religion, of the architecture, a little, and of Don Quixote's country, La Mancha, of which, incidentally, he includes a photograph of quite haunting loveliness.

ALL THIS AND A MEDAL TOO (Constable. 15s.) is a young man's story of twelve turbulent years of his life, from the time he left school just before the war, enlisted at the outbreak in the Royal Horse Guards, and was one of the early volunteers for the Parachute Regiment, till he was invalided home from Malaya towards the end of 1949. In the interval Mr. Tim Carew had fought in India, and in Burma with the Gurkha Rifles, had been wounded and awarded the M.C., fought in Java in 1945 and 1946, and in 1948 and 1949 fought bandits in Malaya and had the doubtful distinction of being bitten by one of them.

It is, naturally and essentially, an action story, but not all the action concerns the author, and he has some excellent stories to tell of Gurkhas, one of them a V.C., of R.S.M.s and their victims, and once or twice, of natural blondes and *their* victims. A high-spirited book, not unduly introspective and giving a down-to-earth glimpse of a soldier's world.

LIFER (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is something else again; the terrible story of a man who spent twenty years in one of America's toughest prisons, and lived through them to his final release. William Doyle, who was serving a sentence, has told the grim story, with the help of Scott O'Dell, who is the book editor of a big newspaper, and who has pruned the text without altering the brutality of its impact. If reading such a book would be an effective deterrent to crime, then I should say that prospective American criminals should read it. It might also stimulate some kind of prison reform. I would find it difficult to recommend it on any other grounds.

Karl von Frisch writes about those most fascinat... of creatures, the bees, in an immensely scholarly w... which is an account of their lives and senses, and, mo... particularly, of the dances by which they tell e... other where and how far away a source of honey n... be. The extraordinarily painstaking experim... which the writer made are described here in some det... and are of interest in themselves, but what most o... will find absorbing is the description of all the variati... and subtleties of the dances themselves. THE DANC... BEES (Methuen. 16s.) has been translated by ... Dora Ilse.

BRIEF NOTES OF OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS

THEIR NAME LIVETH (Methuen. 15s.) *is a volum... pictures and notes of Commonwealth War Cemeteries of two ... Wars. There is a message to relatives of the fallen from the Q... and the foreword is by the Duke of Gloucester.*

In **ALONE TO EVEREST** (Collins. 16s.), *Earl Denman rec... some of his mountaineering exploits in Africa, culminating in ... forbidden journey in 1947 through Tibet to Everest with Tensing.*

CANADA: NATION ON THE MARCH (George G. Ha... 18s.) *contains a series of lectures given by eminent Canadians at ... Town Hall, New York, in 1953, at the invitation of U.S. citi...*

DEVILMAN'S JUNGLE (Dobson. 15s.), *by Gustaf Boli... is the illustrated story of the native African's conception of m... The author has personally observed a great deal of what he describ...*

WORDS AND WAYS OF AMERICAN ENGLISH (An... Melrose. 15s.) *is an authoritative account by Thomas Pyles of th... Origins, Growth and Present State of the English Language in Americ...*

In **RESCUE BELOW ZERO** (Robert Hale. 15s.), *Ian Mackersey tells the story of the crashed airmen who were stranded with six members of the British North Greenland Expedition throughout the Arctic winter of 1952.*

THE QUEST OF SARMIENTO

A Not-so-successful Conquistador

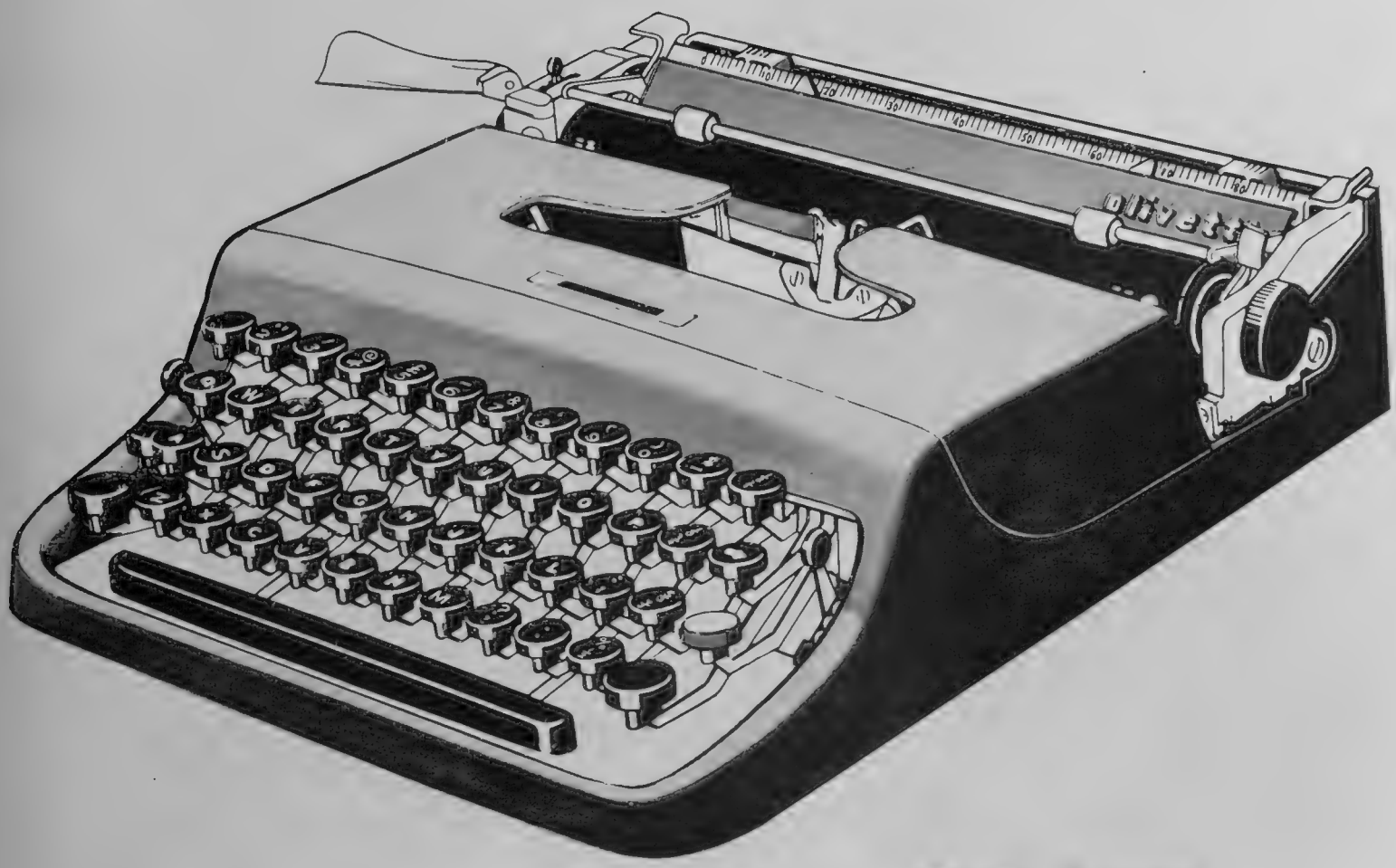
Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa was one of those Spaniards who sought ardently and tirelessly for the renown which crowns great exploits in discovery, conquest and colonisation. He wooed fame in many guises as navigator, admiral, astronomer, soldier, explorer and coloniser, as historian, diplomatic envoy and even as necromancer. Stephen Clissold's brief biography of Don Pedro, entitled CONQUISTADOR (Derek Verschoyle. 15s.), is therefore full of interest. We see him sailing across the Pacific to discover the Solomon Islands, crossing Peru in the Viceroy's suite to gather material for his history of the Incas, and disputing with the Inquisition. Eventually this not so successful conquistador was captured by Raleigh, appeared before Queen Elizabeth at Windsor, and his crowning misfortunes took place in the dungeons of his Huguenot enemies. Don Pedro's quest brought him more than his fair share of perils and hardships, for he was perhaps born some decades too late to enjoy the glittering prizes of the New World. This fiery irascible man, who was so fanatically loyal to his vision of the greatness of the Spanish Empire, is rescued from the half-light of history by a skilled biographer.

Alexander Orlov, who was at various times a Supreme Court prosecutor, an N.K.V.D. economic director, a brigadier in the Transcaucasian Army, and one of Stalin's envoys in Spain, worked in all for twenty-one years in the inner circles of Soviet Russian Government. In 1938, receiving a call to a conference aboard ship, always a hint of trouble ahead for a Soviet diplomat, he broke with Stalin and obtained political asylum in the United States. Now, under the title of THE SECRET HISTORY OF STALIN'S CRIMES (Jarrolds. 18s.), Orlov tells us all he knows about the regime as he knew it, with intimate accounts of Red Army purges and of private life inside the Kremlin. Stalin executed more revolutionaries than all the Russian czars put together, declares Orlov, who attempts to show with what zeal the dictator protected his power by destroying his old friends and his faithful servants. One of these friends was Abel Yenukidze, a big, blond, friendly fellow who was at Stalin's right hand for many years. The author devotes a whole chapter to the process by which Yenukidze was disgraced, being first "put on his feet" (that is to say, his official car was removed) and then "hit on the stomach" (denied access to official food stores). Apparently this is a well-defined technique calculated to produce from most victims a grovelling letter of repentance for party deviation. Yenukidze sent no such letter, and died in consequence for espionage and terroristic activities. His only real crime, it seems, was to plead for the lives of Kamenev and Zinoviev. Alexander Orlov writes well and lucidly—one can only hope without one eye on the junior Senator for Wisconsin.

There is nothing very new about hot-gospellers upon the Continent of America, but they are never easy to assess, and the very narrow dividing line between the charlatan and the messenger of good faith can never be a hard and fast line. The visit of Billy Graham to these shores has provided an instance of hasty judgment in this matter, for the man who stepped ashore after a barrage of advance publicity has proved to be no self-seeker; he has packed great arenas, and he has drawn men and women into the church, and he has evidently not sought funds beyond his requirements for the campaign. What, then, shall be said of Father Divine, the American Negro who has persuaded thousands of American coloured folk and white that he is a divinity. After reading Sara Harris's THE INCREDIBLE FATHER DIVINE (W. H. Allen. 16s.) it is no easy task to sum up this seemingly insignificant little man who dispenses free food with glorious abandon and, like Rawdon Crawley, manages to live well on nothing a year. Father Divine's early days as a hot-gospeller had their seamy side, and at the present moment the tax gatherers of Gotham view him with special interest, wondering just how he can live so well without any income beyond the offerings of his devoted followers. Let it suffice that Sara Harris leaves the reader still in doubt regarding Father Divine's mission, but in her last paragraph she makes the all-significant statement: "His very existence is an indictment of the economic and civic status of the Negro masses, and of Society's inability to cater for its misfits."

Here are two volumes on the African scene. In SUDAN DAYS AND WAYS (Macmillan. 18s.), Mr. H. C. Jackson, former Governor of two Sudanese Provinces, gives an account of the life of a District Commissioner in the Sudan thirty or forty years ago, and of the varied tasks he had to undertake. By contrast, in AFRICA ON A TIGHT-ROPE (Jarrolds. 16s.) Henry Gibbs contributes a study of the contemporary scene in the great continent, showing the swift and startling developments that are now taking place in the political field.

In THE ONE REMAINS (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), Stewart Perowne gives a report on Jerusalem as he finds it to-day. Mr. Perowne is a lifelong admirer of Jerusalem, which, he says, is the only city in the world which commands the devotion of the East and West equally.



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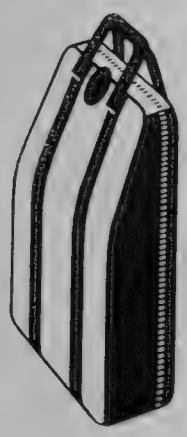

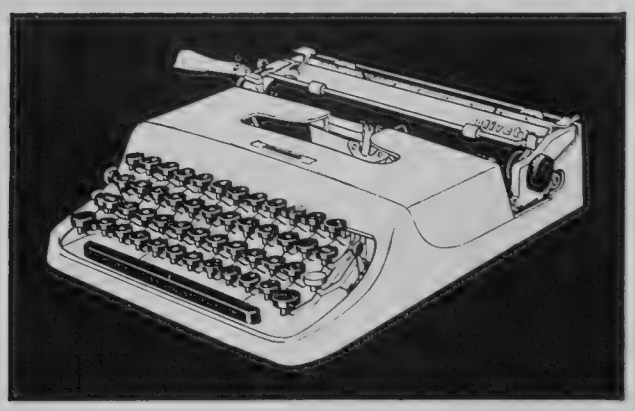

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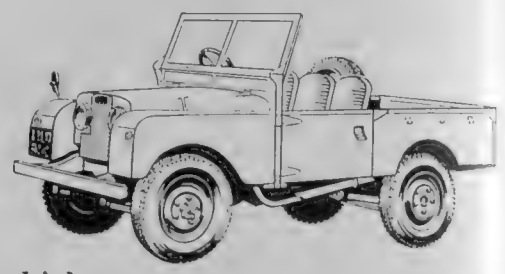

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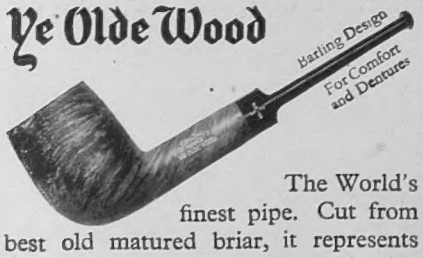

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There's not a woman who won't be entranced by Alec Waugh's new story "TOO LIKE A FAIRY TALE": *or provoked by Barbara Cartland's article* "WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS"— *in which she questions the wisdom of a woman marrying out of her station.*

And then—but forgive us—there is so *much in the May Britannia and EVE to intrigue and interest* every *woman. The May issue is now on sale . . . get it today from your usual bookstall or newsagent.*

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BRITANNIA and Eve

BEST TWO-SHILLINGSWORTH
ON THE BOOKSTALLS

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"ROOMS must be vacated by 12 noon." This is a statutory notice common to most British hotels. For myself, I am usually away by 9 a.m., for a full programme is ever ahead of me.

Yet there are occasions when I could well stay on, for so comfortable was the bed, happy the furnishings, so heavenly the view and smiling the service, that the memory lingers on weeks and months after I have said my regretful farewell.

Recently I spent a night in Room 43 at The Compleat Angler, at Marlow. Like many other rooms at this Thames-side hotel, one views the river, the hotel gardens, or both. The operative word in all their bedrooms, so well designed for sleep and adornment, is completeness. Here, as Robert Burton said: "We do not live, but linger."

It is the duty of the critic to be critical, yet I cannot fault this hotel in any respect. The staff are "greeters" all. The catering is excellent and the wine list comprehensive.

As an hotel for peaceful relaxation (1 hour's run only from London), as a holiday resort for bathing, boating, tennis and dancing, as a base for Windsor (12 miles downstream), Oxford (25 miles up), or even Stratford-on-Avon (70 miles), The Compleat has few, if any, peers. The motoring organisations list it as a three-star hotel. My view is that, with the many improvements of recent years, it is worth four.

City hotel bedrooms do not, on the whole, wear a companionable air, but The Blossoms, at Chester, is an exception. After a long train or road journey, it is with feelings of relaxation that one can look around on a bedroom on which lavish thought has been expended. Each bedroom has its individual colour scheme, and each is furnished with an eye to shape and aspect. The lighting, too, has been thoughtfully arranged, so that a man can shave (electric razor points provided) and a woman can make up in comfort.

A very pleasant modernly-equipped hotel is The Blossoms, whose roots can be traced back some 300 years and more.

In the Chester neighbourhood (Chester's hotels are often full) take careful note of Craxton Wood Country Club, which is to be found seven miles to the west, on the A.450 West Kirby road. Such detailed bedroom comfort can be experienced here that it is quite maddening to stay but one night. Sleep-wooing beds, telephones, private bathrooms, central heating, writing paper and envelopes, flowers and built-in cupboards with angle hangers. One's clothes enjoy a shake out in such surroundings!

Whenever hotel bedrooms come to mind, The White Hart Hotel, Lincoln, looms into the picture. Standing in the shadow of the Cathedral, it was one of the pioneers in modernising its upstairs to meet to-day's requirements. So now you will find that of its fifty-five bedrooms, twenty have private bathrooms, all tiled, with baths and basins of matching colours, while bedrooms can be arranged *en suite* or singly.

I never mind a small hotel bedroom provided it is complete. After all, we do not expect size in our cabin in an ocean-going liner. Indeed, the more cottage-like the bedroom the more friendly it can be. The thirteen bedrooms of The Lugger, at Portloe, on the Roseland Peninsula of Cornwall, are, for the most part, full from March to mid-October, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Powell put up the shutters for the winter months. What sweetly-equipped bedrooms this bijou seventeenth-century hotel provides. Each has gay chintz dressing-table petticoats and matching window curtains, and is as clean as the proverbial new pin. If your name is Alice, you may well inquire if you are in Wonderland.

Focused on Cornwall, one cannot omit on the score of bedroom comfort Hotel Tresanton, at St. Mawes. Here, indeed, is concentrated luxury (terms from 42s. a day). I have yet to find anyone who has not been well satisfied with the delightful bedroom appointments and the good food and service its resident manager, Mr. Maurice Allen, provides. Consisting of two houses, linked together by terraced gardens, they seem to vie with each other in attractive decor and deep-seated comfort. A most excellent hotel through and through.

In conclusion, I must pay tribute to Trust Houses Limited and to some of the brewers for the way in which they have expended considerable sums of money in modernising and glamorising their hotel bedrooms.

I recently had occasion to visit the Trust House at Guildford, The Angel. This, to my mind, is a brilliant example of the adaptation of an old coaching inn to modern thought in the decorative arts, and the bedrooms are all havens of rest and comfort for travellers.

Of fine examples of bedroom comfort in brewery hotels, the following warrant special mention. The Clifton Arms, Lytham St. Annes (Dutton's Blackburn Brewery); The Plough and Harrow, Edgbaston, Birmingham (Mitchell's and Butler's); The Percy Arms, Otterburn, Northumberland (Vaux and Associated Brewers, Sunderland); The Royal, Weston-super-Mare (Usher's Wiltshire Brewery); the Hog's Back Hotel (Catering Houses Limited). To name the latest redecoration and refurnishing project, I would cite The Sunningdale Hotel, Sunningdale (H. and G. Simonds, the Reading Brewers), which is so conveniently located on the A.30 road to the West Country.

LLANSANTFFRAED COURT HOTEL and COUNTRY CLUB
Nr. ABERGAVENNY, Mon. Provides a rare standard of comfort and catering. Hacking, Hunting, Lawn Tennis (expert tuition available). Salmon and trout fishing in the district. An excellent touring base for the lovely valleys of the Wye and Usk. Tel.: Gobion 268.

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A luxury hotel in the perfect setting on a private island of 30 acres, 400 yards from the coast. Ideal for your early Summer holiday. Write to the Manager for full particulars.

CIRENCESTER, Glos. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
For both sport and country. Hunting, Squash, Golf, Tennis, all close at hand. A Cotswold countryside rich in scenery, and a lovely Cotswold Manor, comfortable, warm and renowned for its cuisine and cellar. Tel.: 835.

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In this historic countryside, rich in scenic charm and within easy reach of the sea, this fully-licensed country house hotel now under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. V. Newton Moss, makes a most satisfying base. Tel.: 2312.

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overlooks Torbay and the South, but does not overlook anything which may add to the comfort of those who know that High Standards can still be offered at reasonable rates. Tel.: 7633.

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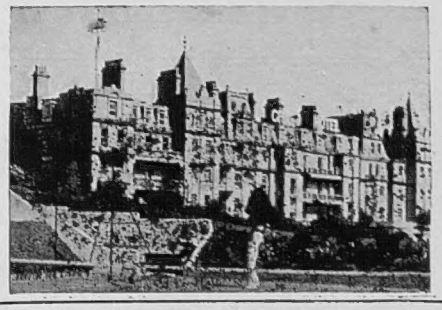

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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

"ARGENT, a double headed Eagle displayed Gules, beaked and legged Azure". Illustrated within the contemporary illuminated border are the Arms confirmed to John Milton's father, John the Elder, by Sir William Segar, Garter King of Arms, together with the Grant of a Crest.

Milton received his M.A. at Cambridge in 1625. He joined the attacks on the established Church from 1641 but did not join the Army, although strongly pro-Parliamentary.

From 1649 until the Restoration he was Latin Secretary of the New Council of State. During this period he lost his sight and remained totally blind until he died in 1674. Milton's great works are known to everybody — "Paradise Lost", "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes". But apart from these he wrote a prodigious number of pamphlets, short poems, sonnets, prose and masques.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.

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